THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, No. 41 ANN STREET NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 19.

THE BELFRY OF THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O, who has not listened to Memory's bell
In the belfry built up by the Past?
How its magical numbers enormously swell,
When they come its spectre-toll many a day!
Who rung by the hermits or the bliss!

Now they whisper the gladness, or thunder the woe
Of each man in the far-away time;
And no matter what sexes in the members may flow
As he breathlessly swim to the perilous rhyme
That is found in the happiest heart.

Yet, oh, yet is there one who has listened that bell
Hung by the hours or the stars,
Whose whitherwise—while the numbers anxiously swell,
Starting over the ages all many a smile—
That dies softly both up by the Past?

BLANCHE BERTRAND;
OR,
PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGERS.

The eagle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, and by its junction with the Ohio, is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here, on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the bloodiest Indian battles that had ever took place between the Virginians and their forest foes—a battle which is talked of by men and boys here, rather than the actions of Lexington and Concord, the opening scenes of the great drama of the Revolution—for the Indians in this instance, it has since been ascertained, were urged on by the British agents to strike a death-blow against the frontiers, in order to pave the way for an easy conquest, in the event of the rebellionly-inclined Colonists venturing upon an open rupture with the Mother Country.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, and driven back to their towns, in the interior of what is now the State of Ohio—and where they would have likely been routed by their indignant and chivalrous foes, but for the pusillanimous conduct of Virginia's governor, Lord Dunmore, who, as commander-in-chief of all the forces, proceeded to treat forced a treaty of peace with an almost conquered and barbarous enemy, and insisted upon an ingloriously retreat—after the battle of Point Pleasant and the unwilling retreat of the Virginians, we say, a fort was here erected by the latter, which became a point of great importance throughout the ungainly scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in the section of country were confirmed for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United Colonies of America a free and independent nation.

In fact, it may be said that there was no real safety for the hardy and daring settlers of the West till after Colonel Wayne's celebrated Treaty of Greenville in 1795; and Point Pleasant and vicinity during the interval, witnessed many a bloody scene—it being a prominent border post, magazine, and rendezvous for the different leaders and emigrants of the great interior of Virginia, who found the river and navigable waters of the Kanawha and convenient channel for the transportation of their goods to and from the border of the Ohio.

The first fort erected here was a large rectangular structure; and during the conflict, a year or two subsequent to the battle of Point Pleasant, fell the noble and intellectual Shawnee chief Cornstalk, together with his son, Elinipico, Red Hawk, and another Indian—all basely murdered by the garrison, in revenge for the loss of one of their companions, who was unfortunately shot near the fort by another party of Indians during the time that Cornstalk and his comrades, on a visit to the commandant, were being detained as hostages.

As if a mere had fallen upon the fort because of this most foul assassination of innocent parties, it was soon after destroyed; and another and smaller one, composed of a circle of cabins, was erected higher up the bank of the Ohio, about two hundred yards above the mouth of the Kanawha. This latter was long after the period we have chosen for the opening of our story, and contained several families of farmers, mechanics, and children, who lived by trading, hunting, and cultivating the lands in the immediate vicinity.

For some distance back of the fort, and all between the angles of the two rivers, the ground had been swept of trees and put under cultivation; and between the fort and the small boat-landing, covering the sharp point of the angle, and the large grave of those who had fallen so nobly in the battle already mentioned, was a kind of lawn—the soft, green play-ground of the youth and junior members of the station, who not unfrequently

THE SURVIVOR.—DEATH OF TOM HARDIN.

frolicked here with all the light and hearty joyousness of children who had no cause for fear, though each had seen, from our boyish days, the thrill war-whoop of the red man, and knew not at what moment it might startle him again.

The scene which we are now prepared to present to the reader, was one of placid and picturesque beauty. The bright sun of a clear and beautiful morning, in the spring of 1790, was pouring down the glorious rays upon a great forest scene, and rested with new green leaves and gay blossoms upon the two glassy streams, rolling like mirrors between, and reflecting far down in their still depths every object presented above them—upon the open ground, forest fields, browsing cattle, and fortified dwellings of the settlers—and lastly, upon the settlers themselves, in their busy, or romping groups, according to age, condition, or inclination, as they were soon scattered over the green lawn between the landing and their strongbold, which was now deserted by all save the aged and infirm.

At the landing we have mentioned was fastened a boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers. In shape and appearance it was not unlike the round-bows of modern days, though more roughly put together, it being only meant for the downward voyage. Its general, almost straight from sizes to stern, was some five or six feet above the water; it had an arched deck, reaching forward nearly to the bow; while a couple of long sweeps lying across, and a long steering oar at the stern, denoted the manner in which it was controlled and steered.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, of three distinct classes of society, but all alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing over the green lawn already mentioned. Of these five, one was a stout, sleek, negro, in partial livery, and evidently a house or body servant; three were boatmen and boatmen, as indicated by their rough, tanned visages and coarse attire; but the fifth, of a different cast and higher grade in society than the others, would descend from a more than a passing notice, were he not indeed so connected with the thread and incidents of our story as to render a general description both necessary and proper.

He was a young man, some two-and-twenty years of age, of a fine, commanding person, and a clear, bright, gentlemanly countenance, as he sat in the carriage of his head—in the glance of his large, bright, hazel eye—in the lateral lightning of his features generally—and in his easy, graceful, but unstudied attitude—there was a something which denoted one of superior mind, refinement, and education. His dress, too, though fashioned in the general manner of the borderers, gave evidence of a taste to eye to his external appearance, which was not always observed in those then thinly settled parts of the nation of country, was tastefully ornamented with fringed buckskin colors; his buckskin trowsers fitted him as if cut by a tailor; his leggins and moccasins were clean, neat, and ornamented also; and his felt hat, with its broad band, slightly looped into, and gave them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to a fond mother, and that is something that has not happened for two long years at least.

"But I don't mean that, Blanche," resumed the elder, somewhat gruffly; "I only want you to look like a gay and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you have come safe thus far through a partially settled country, you think, I suppose, your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you. Let me repeat, dear Blanche, what your uncle has already told you, that yesterday's boat descends the Ohio—an calm and tranquil as it looks to-day, under this bright sunshine—that deepest misgiver more or less part from the savages that prowl along either shore; and some of them that go down freighted with human life, are bound at no more, and some even return to tell the tale.

"But why repeat this to me, dear aunt?" returned the young woman in question, with a smile, "when you know it is my destiny, either good or bad, to attend you in this voyage? My parents have left me no option than in their near home, and it is my duty to go with them, be it what it may."

"I know it, dear girl," sighed the other; "but still I feel very sad about the parting, and desire to thoroughly warn you of your danger, that you may not be lulled into a fatal security."

"But I am not the commander of the boat," returned Blanche, "nor even one who would aim a very good defender of it; so pray, dear aunt, before your warnings upon those whose duty it is to carry it safely to its destination. For instance, now, there stands Trapper Parker, my father's associate, and my allotted guide and protector, with rifle in hand, and looking very warlike; my black Dido, too, is there, as brave as a lion when the danger is at a safe distance; not to mention the three hardy boatmen beside them, who look as if fighting Indians might be a rather pleasant pastime than otherwise; and so suppose you give them their proper charge, dear aunt, and let me reap the benefit of it, without being obliged to trespass on such doleful matters in my poor, silly brain, and perform functions to which I have never been accustomed of my Huguenot ancestors."

"Oh, Blanche! Blanche! you are a wild, giddy girl yes, I see!" returned the matron by her side, lapping her cheek playfully; "and God forbid my light, merry heart be ever saddened by a crushing calamity!"

"Amen!" returned Blanche.

"You never did know what it was to fear!" pursued the good woman, rather proudly. "It," she repeated, turning to the others, "Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I do believe!"

"Just like her father!" joined in the husband of the matron, the brother of Blanche's mother, the commander of the station, and the middle-aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party; "a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Philip Bertrand, God bless his fire a true heart! never did mon know what it was to fear! and Blanche is just like his, she is. Well she remember," he went on, "when he and some half-a-dozen border officers were surprised and pursued by the dreaded Tarleton, about the time the vagabond was trying to catch Tom Jefferson, and Mad Anthony Wayne, and the rest of those Lord Cornwallis! Bless my soul! what do you think? Philip wanted to make a stand, and fight overwhelming numbers, to the last gasp; and when I pleaded that the infernal wretches had fired his barn and store-houses, it took more than one man to keep him from rushing back, single-handed, to take vengeance upon the redskins!"

"Thank you, uncle, for recalling that trouble-some affair, Blanche!" for it reminds me of passing safely through one peril, and it a prayer of thanksgiving another, even should Aunt Mary's forebodings have a foundation in truth, which I trust they have not. Ah! well do I remember the time and scene you speak of, uncle!" pursued the fair girl, with lightened color and a gayer tone, "and how I must have been a man, or even, a youth in his teens, instead of a weak, puny girl of eleven, my father would at least have had me at my side, to join in taking vengeance upon the ruthless destroyers of our beautiful home!"

"Ay, that he would! that he would!" cried the elated commander, clapping his hands; "that he would, I do believe! Ah, Blanche, my pretty heroine, you should have been a man!"

"So wish not all of your sex!" laughed Blanche.

"And so would not I, my, were I thirty years younger, stright, and none of this!" was the gallant and laughing rejoinder of the uncle.

By this time the parties had reached the boat; and the young man already described—and alluded to by Blanche Bertrand as Eugene Harding, the secretary of her father—at once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferential manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—and then but slightly, as she sprung quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight thrill which marked his cold, expressive features, as his eye for a single instant met hers. He might herself have seen it—perhaps he did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired, in its calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the jungosity of position between herself and him she addressed:

"Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure?"

"So far as I know, Miss Blanche," answered the young man, with a respectful bow, and coloring still more deeply.

"Everything should be seen to before we set out on this long journey, which will only permit us many two or three safe landings between here and our destination, the Falls of the Ohio," pursued Blanche, in a rather positive tone. "It will not do for our boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us, I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading-posts on our route."

"No, indeed?" rejoined her aunt, quickly; "it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a foot from the main current of the Ohio—for years reached as only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board."

"No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; "and since our arrival here I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, so my personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and, I thank you, Mr. Harding, in behalf of my lieutenant."

Eugene bowed; and Blanche, turning quickly away, with "Come, Indian, let me show you my little cabin," at once led her female companions, and the elder Conway near the stern, down the body of the boat, where a small, neat cabin had been constructed and fitted up expressly for her use. It contained two berths, one for herself and the other for her waiting-woman—a large one, just for the feet—a rude but confidence settee—two or three camp-stools—a kit of cooking utensils, evidently of frontier workmanship—a small mirror—a few books—and a few other articles of minor importance; and through many a pound beauty of it being neatly done and in a style of real contempt, yet for that period and region of country it was considered quite elegant, and made a snug an consolum from the friends of Blanche.

While the female party were thus occupied below, the remainder of Blanche's little household together, proceeded to give them such instructions and warnings as the former thought best to promote the safety of his fair kinswoman and themselves.

"There will, perhaps," he premised, "be no great danger, so long as we keep in the current; but you all remember what we agreed on at a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or go any previous whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore."

"I know we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men, respectfully.

"I dare it not," replied the commander of the Point; "I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than ever was moved before; but still the wisest and the best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men, apparently in the greatest distress, will half approach, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, to receive them on board and come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should you see your own friends to be of your own kin; for in such a case your own brother could not deceive you—not willfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but would be the tool, good, or evil, of some wretch, themselves concealed. Yes, you remember the fate of Simon Kenton, and how long time and to how account to his destruction; and to be cautious, vigilant, brave, and prudent—and may the good God keep you all from harm!"

The latter part of this general address returned to the deck with her friends, and at once proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many expressions of the kind and best wishes that were held them in love and veneration.

Quite a crowd of the idle and curious, mostly women and children, had by this time collected around the landing, to witness the departure of the boat; and as the latter swung out, and began to float down with the current, a general cheer was given, followed by many earnestly-spoken wishes, and other good tokens of the safe voyage of the voyagers in general, and the "sweet lady" in special, who had now, with high hopes and a beating heart, commenced her journey to the most perilous portion of her long and perilous journey.

CHAPTER II.

COMES WAY.

Blanche Bertrand stood upon the deck of the boat, as it slowly glided down the stream, looking back to those from whom she had tearfully parted, perhaps for the last time. She had been repeatedly warned of danger, and was not ignorant of many of the perils which lay before her; and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

though young, brave, spirited, and buoyant, she had secretly felt more than she had shown, while listening to them who, children themselves, loved to be almost as a daughter. She said true it is to be an more trifling journey she had undertaken—that of traveling, with only some two or three miles between the long-wilderness which lay between the eastern portion of Virginia and what was then called the Falls of the Ohio, now the city of Louisville; but she had entered upon it forgetful, in a measure, of the dreariness which draws her personal sensitive to Virginia, even to the present; and so, often encountered by the call of her father, to join him in the far wilderness, she had hesitated not a moment to commit herself to the perilous undertaking.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand, was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees, who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantes from reverses, he had been left in a large quantity of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, tendered him by Virginia, which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his fortune in the west, and building up a new home in the far West; and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had also accompanying him on his first tour, he had also secured to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would have to remain at the first till he should see proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

Besides his wife, and the half-a-dozen negro servants taken with him, having his own with Blanche, there was another member of Colonel Bertrand's household, whom it is proper to mention in connection. We refer to Eugene Fairfax.

This young man, of what is Virginia was considered a good descent, had been left a poor orphan in more childhood, and been taken in charge by Colonel Bertrand, who had given him a good education, and otherwise treated him as one of the family, rather than as a dependent. Yet being naturally of that same high-spirited nature which characterized those around him, Eugene, as he grew up, had sometimes felt the disparity between himself and the proud and beautiful Blanche. Though for years beneath the same roof, there had never existed anything like intimacy between them. He had looked upon her as the beautiful bloom of a wealthy and distinguished family—the open hint as a humble friend, dependent, even if a social rank. He had always borne in mind his station in her presence—had never for an instant seemed to lose sight of her own. And yet, strange as it may seem, there had grown in his young heart a love for his youth, which had strengthened with his opening years—and his in spite of his own natural strivings to the contrary. Not a word tending to reveal this feeling had ever passed his lips; and if Blanche knew of it, it was only through a woman's naturally quick, intuitive perception of what nothing in her surroundings or manner had ever shown had she was aware of what on the part she might possibly have considered the height of presumption.

When Colonel Bertrand removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have said, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and offered such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which, as we have stated, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his grants to a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the stock of merchandise which accompanied by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Eugene had been three days packed—his third commission since attending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants, to her new home. The last commission had the reader has seen them slowly floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the dark and bloody ground."

With this explanation of the relative positions and purposes of the different parties, and which we considered necessary to a proper understanding of what is to follow, we will forthwith proceed to the action of our narrative.

Blanche Bertrand, as we have said, stood upon the deck of the boat, leaning back in the arms of friends, and occasionally waving her hand, and receiving similar kind tokens of regard in return, till the first slight bend in the river shut them entirely from her view; and then, with a long, deep sigh, she glanced over the calm, shining waters of the Ohio, at the dark, rich forest, with beautiful trees which lined either shore, and turned to the elderly lady who had been left in charge of her, and who, with the air of one who felt at ease, and wished for something to divert her thoughts from a sad and gloomy train.

Perceiving her mood, she took advantage of the conversation with his colored female companion, she called him to her side.

"Well, Miss Blanche?" said the negro, respectfully approaching his mistress, and doffing his hat politely, his smooth, jet-black face fairly shining with good humor.

"Did you hear what Uncle William said about the dangers of this voyage?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Blanche—I's heerd dery one of dem dar conversations."

"Well, what do you think about what you heard? Were you scared any?"

"Oh, no, Miss Blanche—I'e neber git skeered none, I doesn't. I's not one of dem dar kind of persons as gits skeered easy, I isn't."

"But suppose for a moment, Dube, that we should really be attacked by Indians?—what would you do?"

"Oh, dat's a clar case, Miss Blanche," replied Dube, straightening himself up with an air; "I star as de light of dar, dat is. What 'ud de chile do? Gib bobbers! I'd just stand up and fight 'em, like Mars' Philip fit at Brinkhorn!"

"But if I have been rightly informed, my brave Duke," pursued Blanche, with a mischievous smile, "you were not always noted for courage; for the day the time that your Master Philip fought the British, and especially upon any report being made that the latter were near, it is said you were not always to be found; and that when our barn was burned, you made quite a display of courage the first day now; but then perhaps you had stolen thither to get your second wind—eh?"

"Well, dar, now, Miss Blanche," returned Dube, hanging his head and looking for a little time, "I dar, now—don't say nuffin more 'bout dat; kain't dat's a clar case, dat is; and I's a pisten-arfraid to be caught runnin' to cum up hoe when I's excited clar, I is. But den you see, Miss Blanche," pursued Dube, recovering with a mien startle at "I was younger den; and den dar red-coated bobbers weren't Injuns, you hear; and Injuns are what I 'pood to fight, dey do."

"Well, I only hope you will prove as brave as you talk—for it is more than likely your courage will be put to the test before we reach our destination."

"You doan't see nuffin, does you, Miss Blanche, to gib you dat dar trepidation?" inquired Dube, glancing rather more uneasily from one shore to the other than seemed quite consistent with the character of one so very courageous.

"No, I cannot say that I see anything rather suspicious," said Blanche, with a serious air.

"Golly bobbers! what 'dat?" cried Dube, his eyes opening to their greatest extension, and his face losing a shade of its midnight hue. Then perceiving a rather mischievous twinkle in the eyes of his mistress, and comprehending at once that she was playing upon his fears, and laughing at poor simple himself, and added, in a tone intended to be very dignified and "earlike": "I don't see any suspicious objeck, Miss Blanche, and you'll see dat's no fact. Miss Blanche."

"Very well, Dube," returned Blanche; "I will take your word for the present. And now go and tell Master Eugene I wish to speak to him."

Eugene, who was below when the message of Blanche reached him, instantly hurried on deck, with a slightly flushed face, and repaired to the cabin, where the beautiful heiress received him with her wonted dignified courtesy.

"I have sent for you, Eugene," she said, "to know if you think we really have anything to fear during this voyage?—You have made the journey twice, I believe, before, I am told, to the West, you told me something of it before we crossed the mountains, but I have forgotten it for the time; and probably should not now have thought of questioning you on the matter, except for the repeated warnings of my relatives at Point Pleasant, here made me, as it were, a present, which, at first sight, I by no means intend to play the timid maiden," she added, with a somewhat knowing look and smile, "as I am myself, I assure you. Have to know it, and be prepared for it; and so I wish you to speak frankly on the point, and without any reserve."

"I believe there is little danger, Miss Blanche—I should say comparatively little—so long as we keep vigilant, and do not venture to land upon either shore," replied Eugene. "Many boats and their crews have been cut to pieces during the river as decoys," explained Eugene. "In other words, you must understand, these are often set adrift by the Indians among the Indians, either escaped or prisoners, who occasionally, either voluntarily or by compulsion, appear upon the banks of the Ohio, half some passing boat, and most piteously plead to be taken on board. Should the crew be deceived their escape from a horrible doom; and it is hard for men, with feelings human, to see by their touching gestures, and refuse to aid them; and in coming to their aid, many have met with death, or after a number of Indians are lying in ambush, to attack the boat from both shores at once, and the crew are not unfrequently happen that the kindly-disposed boatmen and passengers, when not all killed, are taken prisoners to act as slaves to others, before being carried into a captivity which generally results in the death of the unfortunate sufferers."

"And since I do so well known that men are thus acting as decoys," said Blanche, "it seems very strange that any party should be so easily led to the shore, and cut off in a single moment!"

"But you must also understand, Miss Blanche, that these parties are very valuable life to preserve, when suspected, until too late for the escape of those who have sought in good faith to succor them; for many times the cry for mercy has come from those in the agony, before the treachery of which fallow has been rescued in this manner. If there were any means of knowing at the time that the appeal was false, which so often follow might be availed on both sides: first, in the boats being able to escape danger instantly, in place of first receiving due assistance; for if men have lost their lives by hoeing the false appeals to be genuine, the truly suffering have likewise lost their lives through their generous confidence in the genuineness of their misery."

"I perceive it is not easy to discriminate between the real and wrong in either case," returned Blanche.

"Sometimes has ever been the difficulty, with brave, noble-minded men," said Eugene—though it will certainly end on the voyage."

"Why will it not?" inquired Blanche.

"Because, having our valuable life to preserve, we have resolved not to be turned aside by any human prayer, whether true or false."

"But you mentioned this?" repeated Blanche, with a like emphasis on the numeral; "is there any danger of this kind to be feared?"

"Nothing worth speaking of, Miss Blanche," replied Eugene, in part to feign ignorance of the painful meaning of the question which had been put; "and if opposed the ground the boat nearly both and in a narrow channel, as to leave some doubt upon the mind of Eugene whether she was pleased or otherwise.

"Perhaps it is less a compliment than a simple statement of fact, that the single life of the only daughter and heiress of Colonel Bertrand is of more consequence to the world than half-a-dozen lives of persons in more humble condition," replied Eugene, in a tone and manner which left his own meaning as ambiguous as ever.

Blanche looked at him for a few moments with a steady, searching gaze—a scrutiny which to here with unchanged countenance, though he felt that she was seeking to read his very soul; and then she said, as if wishing to resume the main subject:

"I trust nothing will happen to put any life in jeopardy, however valuable, or however humble!" Which is my most earnest prayer!" replied Eugene; "for I am sure," and I assure you, Miss Blanche, that nothing on my part shall be wanting to insure the safety of all."

"While looking at yonder beautiful forest, with its green leaves, bright blossoms, and fashioning vines," pursued Blanche, after a pause, pointing to the rich, luxuriant scene, "it seems almost a difficult to realize that murdering savages are lurking in its shadowy depths!"

"It is like many a human face and form," returned Eugene; "bright and lovely to the view, but containing a base and treacherous soul within."

Blanche again turned a quick, searching glance upon the speaker, as if she desired more than half a hidden meaning in his words; but if such was her purpose, the object was not here too fruitful, and openly for the suspicion to be verified, and returned to its disadvantage; and she forthwith resumed the conversation in a buoyant tone, advancing new ideas and thoughts, and dwelling upon them with a poetic fancy that quite astonished and charmed her hearer, to whom the lady ever seemed more beautiful as much before. Thus, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she changed the subject abruptly to the voyage, made a few pertinent inquiries, and turned away to descend below, saying as she departed, in a tone of emotional sweetness:

"Have a care, Eugene! I trust all to you!"

"Well, I only hope you will prove as brave as you talk—for it is more than likely your courage will be put to the test before we reach our destination!"

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LUCILLA AND GODOLPHIN.

A Story of Bulwer's.

BY SALLIE M. BRISTOL.

Dying, a will, deserted dreamer lay
With one calm hope to fling to fatal light.
Around her ruined beauty, on her brow,
And in the starry darkness of her eyes,
The dirk and night were gathering—but her heart,
With the transcendent radiance of the South,
Stored warm and faithful yet. Sadly she raised
Her head, and looked upon the sunset sky,
For, through the riverless wastes of the West
Watered with the ambient waste, and rushing rank
Rose on the dark bosom of the Night and Death,
Godolphin would not stay. As last was heard
The hurried trampling of a speeding steed,
And in a moment under her feet white arms
Were thrown around the hips of her lover's horse.

"Oh, Percy! it is thee!
Oh have the misery shadows of despair
Clouded the morning of this love to me;
And shall I lose thee now, when only prayers I've strewn
And in thy footsteps—though death and hell pursue,
That I might kiss thy lip but once my voice again!

My soul I answer you
Went thus as loved—not even when life was young,
When by Spring's myriad flowers we met,
And listened where the Rose's mouthed song,
And breathed sweet lady's love-learned kiss.
The stronger my mourning heart should seem go wander
up there.

Godolphin I hast not thee,
In thy high design found thee not a heart
You, by the furrowed paleness of this brow,
Crumpled by heart lost love I know me,
That were to think me so! Alas, alas,
Bright Journey, well I know, I am—but in this poem,

"Or that—but there ist changed—
Upon thy golden curls dark shadows lay,
The heart from its young remains is estranged;
And, to the mournful splendors of dame eye,
There is a glance whose anguish chills my bosom—
Oh, this my eye—so far love I but made thy home blest.

Forgi! I go—I go!
The stars with western Pole held bright ominous fire,
Demand my spirit from the serene below—
Soon I shall smile and all the angels know me,
And there—the rush of waters sounds thy knell—
There too will come—but here—*Forgi* sit thee, farewell.

ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY STUYVESANT CODD, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

When the old man had become calm, he went on with his story.

"For a long time Anthony Carper lay there in the road insensible; but finally he came to himself, and found that he had been dragged to the side of the wall, and that stones had been heaped upon him. He sat up, and was a straight, tall old fellow. He knew that it must be past midnight, for the moon was up, and that did not rise until after twelve. He was sure that his nephew had dragged him up there, and filled the wall about him, so that it might appear that he had been accidentally killed. Back by a scattering mistake, he had been preserved. The blows upon the head had been given by a nervous, disturbed hand, and had been all glancing ones. The scalp was badly torn, and the blood had flowed freely; but the skull was not broken. Nor had the rocks hit any vital part. They had only bruised the flesh, and torn the clothing. He found his pockets rifled of all the papers he had carried, but the assassin had not discovered the leathern belt which he wore beneath his vest, and within which were some three hundred dollars in gold.

"When Anthony finally gained strength enough to rise, he first thought was of the sufferer he had left farther down the hillside, and, with his brain yet somewhat confused, he went down there. He found the old man, but he was cold and dead. Life must have been extinct for some hours. After this Carper kept on down the hill, and at the foot he met a wagon coming along quite slowly. Together He hailed the driver, and found him to be a farmer going into Boston with a load of garden-sauce. Had the old man been in the condition of the poor fellow he found lying upon the hillside, and with his brain yet somewhat confused, he would have done this. He found the old man, but he was cold and dead. Life must have been extinct for some hours. After this Carper kept on down the hill, and at the foot he met a wagon coming along quite slowly. Together He hailed the driver, and found him to be a farmer going into Boston with a load of garden-sauce. Had the old man been in the condition of the poor fellow he found lying upon the hillside, and with his brain yet somewhat confused, he would have made his way to the farm-house; but he was much occupied with the thought only of finding a physician. He told the wagoner that he had got hurt, and he was soon taken into the city, and carried to the house of some honourable doctor. This the countryman readily agreed to do, and accordingly helped the wayfarer upon his wagon. Uncle Anthony was brought to the city, and a kind surgeon took him in and cared for him. His wounds were dressed, and in a few days his mind became clear, and the physician, seeing that nothing more was to be done, left the matter entirely in the hands of Providence. He told the wagoner that he had got hurt, and he was soon taken into the city, and carried to the house of some honourable doctor. This the countryman readily agreed to do, and accordingly helped the wayfarer upon his wagon. Uncle Anthony was brought to the city, and a kind surgeon took him in and cared for him. His wounds were dressed, and in a few days his mind became clear, and the physician, seeing that nothing more was to be done, left the matter entirely in the hands of Providence.

"Rosalind's wedding was a brilliant affair. Her father would have all out his fingers. Michael Ludder mistrusted that he had gained considerable money by his speculations, and he had a vague notion in his own mean, that his hands were tinged with murder, so he had come to pay for his absolution. He tried by threatening to expose him if he did not hand over the money. It was about noon when Anthony Carper came, and would have been off long before we got here. But he had to wait for the next day's work of evil—and it does not become us to speak too harshly of the dead."

In a little while the physician and Ludder returned with a coroner, and when a jury had been summoned, an inquest was held over the body of the dead man. The evidence was too direct and positive to admit of any reasonable doubt, and the verdict was rendered without criminating the perpetrator at all. So Ludder was allowed to depart to go about his business. Those whom he had helped to wrong agreed not to expose him, for they knew that he had been but a tool in the hands of a worse man, and they hoped that he might gain a lesson from the terrible thing that befell him.

And such was the end of Thomas Godsalm. Perhaps, like thousands of others, he had hoped to find pleasure in his sins; or, at the most, to receive as a haven of enjoyment after the crimes had been done. And he had only found what all must find who embark upon the sea of Wrong. He did under buried him and shed a tear of pity over his grave.

"Where is Simon?" asked Rosalind, as she got into the carriage by the side of her lover, and started for Malden.

"He went home an hour ago," returned Albert. And then, as though he would turn the conversation, he asked her about her adventures in New York, and also about her trials at the pawnbroker's.

Rosalind told him all; and when she had related her trial with Barker, and the terrible ordeal through which she passed while she thought him dead, he groaned with an agony such as he might have suffered had he been there at his friend's side.

It was dark when they reached the farm-house, and Mr. King and Anthony Carper were just behind them. When Rosalind stepped upon the doorstone she found herself surrounded by a pair of warm arms, and the joyous tears of Mrs. King were mingled with her own.

"Dear, dear Rose!" the true-hearted girl exclaimed, "it is you! O, it is! Dear, dear darling, are you sure you are not dreaming?"

And then came Mrs. King and Lucy and Martin; and Little John and Carper—and they all clung about the returned one with a fond affection that could have been that of no earth in its confusion.

And here is Simon," cried Rosalind, as the stout fellow entered the room. She sought him by the hand, and gazing up into his face, she continued, in an earnest, tearful strain,—"O, Simon, I know how good you have been. Albert has told me all. You have saved my lover, and my kind old grandfather. I shall not forget it,—I will love you always, Simon—indeed I will."

Simon Peter turned away and wiped his eyes, and then he said, with some difficulty, for there was much choking in his tone—

"And you, Rose, I've got a bit o' smith's to do for you. I've got a new heart in this bosom—or, leastwise, the one you see came for me, but I didn't find it till after I got here. I'm afraid I was informed that a certain person, that I loved like dearly, had sent a letter, and had gone off. Who d'ye think it was?"

"Why, Simon," returned Rose, blushing, and with modern notions of style, fashion, and domestic equipments, is altogether too costly an article for a young man of small means or a moderate salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, coachand horsehire, silk gowns, right or side hundred dollar bonnets, operas, balls, fashionable parties, Saratoga and Newport, and sources in business, are altogether out of the question. If young men would unite the labor and matrimony, they might look into smaller circle for wives. A girl who is independent enough to earn her own living as a teacher or with the needle, is a wife worth a score of such butterflies of fashion; and a rising young man, who has only his industry to rest upon for success in life, is a fool to marry any other. Useful industry is always fashionable, and deformity of art makes no difference in this particular.

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The clock strikes. There must be no more linger-ing—the last kiss must be given, the last hand you unclasp him he will go, and you try to cling with your strength. But you must not hinder—you be pale you from him—be ruthen out and disappear—you shall not see him, and never your eyes know not whether you are in sunshine or in darkness nor do yourself. You know this one thing, that in your parting you may never behold him more, and form again till you both have dropped the dust back into the mother earth from which it came.

The life that is so often rent by such partings is not worth living, needlessly, even, were Earth all.

"Absence I is not the heart love by it
Those who love true, are both, and breath
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Combine, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person may have an opportunity of discovering. By observing this rule, every one has it in his power to assist in rendering his conversation agreeable; since, though he may not choose or be qualified to set much himself, he can propose questions to those who are able to answer them.

THE DIAMOND BREAST-PIN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I will cost two hundred dollars, Anna!" said George Blakely to his young, proud, extravagant wife. The sum he mentioned fell cold and heavy on her request had startled him.

"I know it will. But what are two hundred dollars for a diamond pin? Mrs. Blakely's voice was petulant and peremptory. "Mary Edgerly's husband cost over a thousand dollars."

"Just one thousand dollars more than her husband could afford to pay for them," said Mr. Blakely.

"He's the best judge of that, I presume," retorted his wife. "But that doesn't signify. You can afford to purchase this diamond pin."

"I cannot, Anna."

"What do you do with your money, pray?"

The young wife turned sharply upon her husband, and her words and tone stung him into a rather brash reply. But this only aroused her anger, and made her more unreasonably persistent.

"O, very well," said her too yielding husband, at last, "go to Goodell's to-morrow and get the pin. Tell him to send in his account on the first of January, and it will be paid."

Mrs. Blakely was in ecstasies. There was not one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a diamond ring or breast-pin, and until she was the owner of one or both, she could no longer hold up her head. Her husband was a young man holding teller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, when he married, which was about a year before, and he still occupied the same place, and received the same pay. For a young man in his position, he had not married wisely. His handsome face and captivating manner of a dashing, self-confident life-long, first attracted her, but, as promptly accepted, led to the mistake of her life. Instead of a wife, he had introduced into a true will, but a weak, capricious, vain creature, hopelessly unfitted for the sober duties of life and narrow draughted to find the influence of her husband's position.

An extravagant love of dress and ornament characterized her from the beginning, and she would hearken to none of her husband's kind, but offered remonstrances. Nearly half of his income was absorbed by their dashing style of living, and in dress and jewelry.

The moment a two hundred dollar breastpin, coming upon young Blakely, as it did, at a time when he had just made unusually large inroads upon his salary of a debt in his income, when compared with the expenses of several hundred dollars, was by disbursement him. But he was not brave enough to refuse his extravagant wife, and therefore, wisely yielded to a demand which he knew would lead to a disabling refusal.

The first of January found Blakely short of funds by considerably more than the price to be paid for the diamond pin. Carefully it was kept to, and must be settled. It would not do for him to be said in the smallest degree behind, for the jeweler was an acquaintance of more than one of her fashionable friends, and specious talker indeed, and influences drawn prejudicial to his business might be set in motion. Business of wise and strong temptation, the young man, and his young wife, although confined him to abstract two hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

This was only the beginning of a series of defalcations, which, through various devices, betokened the exposure came which always follows such a course. But the end was not yet. Another new and extravagant demands of his wife, whose annual wardrobe, and bills for jewelry, for which she had that passion which is characteristic of weak minds, and which, in the end ruined many a husband.

But the end came at last. One morning, seven years after the day of her purchase, Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for the opera, when her husband entered her room. Mrs. Blakely started and turned pale with a sudden presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, who saw that he was pale and greatly disturbed.

Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening to something in the hall. Mrs. Blakely's voice were now heard, and the tread of heavy feet coming upstairs. There was a start and a hurried movement by Mr. Blakely, as he stood still, as if riveted to the spot.

"Why are they? What is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same moment the door opened the room.

"You are arrested," said one of them, "on a charge of embezzlement."

Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood still and stunned like, before the officers.

"George! George!! This is false!" exclaimed Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You could not have done this!"

"It is true," he answered, in a low, sad, despairing voice. Then, as he looked at the pin on the diamond pin that glittered on her bosom, he added, bitterly to her ear alone—

"You gained that at the price of your husband's disgrace, Anna. Would to God I had refused you!" and said I could not afford so costly an ornament. You repeated your demand, and I, weak fool that I was, purchased the article you so much desired. I could only be conceited by dishonest means. I have been tempted, you, that I had obtained a wife whose virtues might help me upward on the path of honor, and you have proved a millstone to hang dead, dragging me daily nearer and nearer the gulf of destruction, over which I now fall to hopeless ruin. I have robbed the bank, but it was for you!"

Then turning to the officers, he said, in a calm voice—

"I am at your service."

The words of her husband had stunned Mrs. Blakely. She could not comprehend his full meaning. She never saw him afterwards. That night he was lodged in prison, and before a week had passed, an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and dishonor.

The story is one of every day life. George Blakely is the representative of a class. Not all of them are wife, or defraud their employers. But all of them, to support idle, extravagant wives, are tempted to dishonesty—many in connection with their means—spend more than their earnings or profits, and fall in the end to pay their just obligations.

Many young lady, fashionably educated, and with modern notions of style, fashion, and domestic equipments, is altogether too costly an article for a young man of small means or a moderate salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, coach-and-horse-hire, silk gowns, right or side hundred dollar bonnets, operas, balls, fashionable parties, Saratoga and Newport, and sources in business, are altogether out of the question. If young men would unite the labor and matrimony, they might look into smaller circle for wives. A girl who is independent enough to earn her own living as a teacher or with the needle, is a wife worth a score of such butterflies of fashion; and a rising young man, who has only his industry to rest upon for success in life, is a fool to marry any other. Useful industry is always fashionable, and deformity of art makes no difference in this particular.

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

OUR CASH TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $5—all cash, in advance. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. Specimen copies sent free. For a club of eight copies, $15 cash at one time; and no additional copies sent. Terms, invariably in advance. Subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the additional postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The name of the paper being forwarded to any Post Office where a check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it is a security against the possibility of a miscarriage in the mail.

ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to the business of the LEDGER, must be addressed to the Publication Office, and not to any individual connected with the establishment. Letters addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger Office, No. 44 Ann-street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe in any other manner. Always send your money direct to the office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

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ROBERTS BROTHERS, Agents for Publishers.

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A WORLD-NECESSITY.

If doubt, or a disposition to decide of vengeance and blood,—the one hanging down the weak, and the other trampling over right—are the concomitants of a state of recognition, Christendom has a very long way from practical civilization. Universal reception, all the States of Christendom profess to be governed by a regard for the rights of humanity, and the law of God as thereby inculcated; but not one of those States has ever yet been truly professional. The Christian religion admonishes nations, as well as individuals, to do justice and love mercy, to respect one another, and act for each other's weal. But the spirit and policy of kings and courts are too generally allied to the same spirit of pride, and even their most enlightened diplomacy reverses the conclusive weapons of power, and will not hear than the plainest debts, and made desolate the happy, humble homes of England.

It is scarcely a matter of doubt, that more blood has been shed in hostile encounters between nations and races since, than for the same period before the Christian Era. Nor is it at all a matter of doubt, that every dispute has been finally settled by other arguments than clashing steel. And it requires not an human's discernment to perceive that had the last recent prevailed first, nations and more would have been the brilliant galaxies. The blood and treasure wasted in making the Earth barren, might long since have transformed it to a world paradise, giving to the poorest and lowliest happy and healthful homes. By humanity and civilization, everything has been lost by the savage ambitions and robber propensities of the Earth's rulers.

It is a world-necessity, that nations should reverse their savage spirit and policy, and by the institution of a congress, or permanent council, meet as one earth-born family and questions heretofore involving war—but never settled save by fighting many—as a rule no greater than now sustains a divorce tribunal, and settle them by the principles of Christianity, and no wide-spread national ruin. Is it not in our world-wide and absurd thing conceivable, that the banners of half-a-dozen kings and emperors should be taken down, in honor of the open the spirit of Christianity, set right and justice at defiance, and scatter desolation among millions of peaceful men. Does it not seem monstrous that we become for a moment part in a chain of "golden agony" unfathomable, and so vociferously practiced and prophesied, that after all mankind are as prone to violence—if not more so—than at the time of the Saviour's birth?

The laws that govern nations, morally considered, should be but an enlargement of those regulating individuals and governed by the equal force and blood are as indefensible in the nation, as in the individual. As a man, civilization is not especially as a Christianized being, can submit to anybody, and except in violation of his conscience cannot assert his rights or redress his grievances without reference to society. Why, then, should nations, which are the offspring of societies, be governed by principles of equity instead of a code of blood? Conquests by promising, and are never been permanent, and no warlike adjustment of feud ever was satisfactory. The world has been taxed, drugged, drained,—national debts and heroes accumulated—while practical wisdom has been enslaved, and yet, in the Nineteenth century of the Christian Era, the old savage code of blood stands and war is the chief resort for settling national differences. Shame on our age, and on Christian statesmen and legislators who refuse to schedule all desolation! These could banish war, and inaugurate in a single generation universal peace among the nations.

THE LEDGER OF THE SABBATH QUESTION.

Under this caption the "New York Evangelist says:

"The course of the secular journals on the Sabbath question, we are pleased to observe, is becoming more temperate and well, lately almost by every friend of sound morals, and the exception, their tone is." We thank you, brother. * * * The unbending adversary of right principles as a matter of policy, is the New York Ledger. Its course on the Sabbath question is peculiar. It was a solitary publication some years after leader in the London has been devoted of any other secular paper which has ever taken the Sabbath question. We copy one of the briefest of the series, congratulating the friends of order and decency on the good influence of such views, uttered weekly in more than three hundred thousand households, all over the land."

We are gratified at finding the above in the columns of a leading and influential religious paper like the *Evangelist*, because it shows that wherever the LEDGER is understood it is appreciated as it is appreciated. Many people,—and good people, too—who have not been in the habit of reading the LEDGER, are stopped now that it was a mere "story paper," and that in all its articles it was light and trivial, and that other papers which came to it in its outward appearance. But that impression is passing away; the high moral tone of the LEDGER has made the reputation of its well-known contributors, the practical and unmistakably pure and healthy character of all its articles, and the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, are gaining for it a position that no literary paper has ever before occupied. We feel, and always have felt, that were the LEDGER attacked in immense circulation, that a tremendous responsibility rested on us and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that ultimately we should receive the thanks of thousands and tens of thousands of families.

HEROES OF INDUSTRY.

Heroes of the battle-field, and heroes of the sea! Of these how frequently we hear—worthy often, and often overpraised. But the heroes of peaceful industry, in all the commoner walks of life—what of these? Of the farmer, driving out yonder to pasture and plow-field—the swinger of the hammer, in the forge—of the builder, under whose keen lower and temple spring into proud proportion. What of these world-wide common workers, whose ceaseless, accomplishing toil is the noblest and noblest in the life of nations. Who will sing their praise—who has written their history and recorded in Triumphs? Is the heroes of industry?

We have heard among the idlers who float on the surface of society, contemptuous flings at those whose heritage is toil. They never at the hard and unyielding hand of labor, but the toughest dint of all that is useful, harmless or beautiful, on this earth, and has been the creator; that from the garret to the cellar the "white kids" of the ladies' more capable walking sigh, all has been wrought out by human industry. It is the toil of twenty-hundred thousand pillar and saucer, that has reared every palace in the city, and every cottage in the suburbs of the New-World; that has been the rock in the quarry, and the timber in the temples and monuments of nations; that has achieved whatever fame belongs to genius, with the sculptor's chisel, the painter's pencil, and the poet's pen; that has winged the ocean with white sails, and exchanged the products of every clime, and the thoughts of every circuit of the seas, and planted the lighthouse to guard upon the rocks, and the beacon to the world.

Industry! why, man of idleness, this is what rocked your cradle and has nursed your pampered body. Without it, the arms which are folded back would be in the silk-worm's nest and in the forests of the elephant's hold. For the wonderful things that minister to your every want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil. It is only the hand that will not, but the brain that will, that has by like masses of corruption and decay. The world is full of the evidences of industry. It is even the working man, who can build up or cast down a city, and who has the power to create or to call "off-handed," by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilization, and wealth have been developed. But what will your royalty is yet to be acknowledged, as industry rises toward its highest throne of power? It is so, and in the language of the poet, he

"A princess of the realm of dreams shall be
Risen to the mirth and waters through all time
Whose love for the brave, the true, the fair,
Fresh glow to crime,
Or God-given labor, wakes to crime."

ROOTING OUT THE ROGUES.

The work of suppressing the various swindling schemes which center in this city is in the power of the old-on vigorously and unrelentingly by Mayor Tieman, Sergeant Bowyer, City Judge Bosworth, and the police generally. The rogues are beginning to understand that the onslaught upon them is in earnest and have begun to look for a peaceful and permanent movement, skillfully and indirectly conducted. The chief advantage of a well organized force and the spirit which that results in the public officers, and to reward bold, honest and upright official services. It is doing a great work and deserving has long had too good a chance in our criminal courts, and the people are indirectly directed to the many villains brought to the bar, to feel with honest men in this respect, and the public magistracy will have a degree of the confidence and respect lack for abundant appreciation and support. The latest exhibition, ending with a number of conviction villains, and gift-enterprise men will very soon have run their race!

FOREST GIANTS.

"There were giants in the earth in those days!" saith the sacred record. So have we giants here in America. Our Western world is famous for its gigantic growths of forest trees, and even the "Arabs" of old. The European, visiting hitherward beholds our great rivers, cataracts, caves, lakes, and mountains, and "Young America" admiringly his limbs over space and magnificence, and the sculptor's chisel and the Sphynxes, beholds before the natural production of our clime. And among the wonders of our gigantic things, is that tree blossoming away on the mountain top in our land of gold. Only fancy it waving over the hillside of the Sierra Nevada! towering four hundred feet—twice as tall, nearly, as Bunker's Hill Monument—and then crowned with a circumference of ninety-five feet at the base, and counting by its rings a life of thirteen hundred years. Only fancy such a tree—strong and healthy now—standing there! Samson and Goliath, the Philistines and carrying off the gates of Gaza; or when Paris, by the sacrifice of the beautiful Helen gave the signal for the Trojan war to be set on the king of perils. Well may it be called the "Giant of Calaveras." Think of it as a single log, or base, for a war dance or a convention—carving and the orchestra, and the whole of the dance into three hundred cords of wood. Think of it standing there a living, vigorous, and majestic child of earth in its tall. Dating back to the age of the Apostles, when one of its branches in a way would have lasted some of those "Sons of God," who, in the olden time looked upon the daughters of men, and married them, and begat children, the mighty men of them were, and gave a race of human giants to the earth.

THE STIMULUS OF EXAMPLE.

The United States and England have initiated a system of engaging. The engaging and the encouragement of the nations are the lasting credit mark of the two nations. But the example, or the stimulus of the great and glorious, is powerful and likely to remain sufficiently. Nations are influenced by each other, and the United States and J. B.—are "first and foremost," as usual, in the field, and will soon be on our track, or on track great and glorious as ours. Russia is the inspiration of example. She initiates her good will and pleasure in behalf of ever-living earth and under-wiping oceans, that she may, by the sea and our remotest north-west, have a fighting talk with the New World, independent and so far own lands. Brave, Russia! Come on with your wires—the more the better and the merrier, and the more we all talk in this way, the less we shall sandy words of quarrel, and seek to cut one another's throats.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OLD MAID'S HUSBANDS.

Did you ever get an old maid talk about matrimony, or a girl who was trembling on the brink of old-maidism, and found to launch away? I have is anything that effectually deafens up a married woman, it is time. Wind can sit still and listen about their children for hours. An old maid I write on agricultural and horticultural description of a peach to Trimpet; to the horses of Bucephalus in the days of Alexander.

We have heard among the idlers who float on the surface of society, contemptuous flings at those whose heritage is toil. They never at the hard and unyielding hand of labor, but the toughest dint of all that is useful, harmless or beautiful, on this earth, and has been the creator; that from the garret to the cellar the "white kids" of the ladies' more capable walking sigh, all has been wrought out by human industry. It is the toil of twenty-hundred thousand pillar and saucer, that has reared every palace in the city, and every cottage in the suburbs of the New-World; that has been the rock in the quarry, and the timber in the temples and monuments of nations; that has achieved whatever fame belongs to genius, with the sculptor's chisel, the painter's pencil, and the poet's pen; that has winged the ocean with white sails, and exchanged the products of every clime, and the thoughts of every circuit of the seas, and planted the lighthouse to guard upon the rocks, and the beacon to the world.

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"ONE THING AT A TIME."

If there is one fact, in the arrangements of active life, more so-days, more noticeable than another, it is the tendency towards division of labor, which so greatly prevails. Articles which, once, were made by a single artisan, now furnish work for a score.

The same tendency is perceptible in mercantile affairs. Once, the merchant was expected to make a sort of universal ark of his establishment, where everything might be bought. Where does he do this, now, outside of country villages? Even the line of agriculture—the most primitive source of wealth, health, and true happiness—is, again, we find surgery become almost a distinct branch, and obstetrics following the same rule of division of labor, or "one thing at a time." Each in all as it should be. The day of the "Jacks of all trades" is fast fading away, and more intelligent and the discriminating are coming to expect from the whole tribe of them a confirmation of the wisdom of the saying from which we have just quoted—"masters of none."

THE PEOPLE'S DAY.

Confucious Sabbath labor does not answer even the purpose for which it was first instituted—the amount of work performed. Whichever testifies: "People who are in was proposed to work all Sunday in the use of the royal manufactories, for consumption, not for occasional service; and it was found that the workmen who obtained their Sabbath's consent to abstain from working on Sunday produced in a week more than the others." Captain Stanbury, leader of the surveying expedition of the Great Salt Lake, in his official report to our Government, says—"I here beg to record, that I have only experienced the full rest only from my present journey, but from many years spent in the performance of similar duties, that, so far from exercising injuriously on the mind to keep the Sabbath. More work can be obtained from man and beast and animals by its observance, when the whole seven days are uninterruptedly worked, than when six days' labor is required."

Sunday is the people's day. Destroy its sacredness, and it will soon share the fate of Mahomet to which the Poor and the Aggression bow, count it arrogant over the Christian, place it at the mercy of the rich, and it will soon share the fate of all that is ours. A struggle will commence as to who shall have it; its tranquility, its wonders will be vanquished; and the day that was "the people's day" will quickly become the property of the few.

MARRYING FOR CONVENIENCE.

Marriages dictated by other considerations than mutual love have always been deprecated by people of sense. Even the heathen Greeks and Romans understood to allude to matrimonial arrangements of this worldly, sordid character, and the world seems to have undue weight. Such are justifiably condemned by the Christian. Even in a growing evil, whose increase has been favored by the unnecessary tendencies of the age, and by false notions which have so generally prevailed in society.

But, regret this tendency of the age as we may—decision against it as we may in private life—there is little or little or no refusal allowed until the kings and princes of the earth cease from the crumble to be set in such marriages as that between the Princess Royal of England and the young Prince of Prussia. No sovereign will be the most part they are got up to strengthen the kingdoms of the world by mutually commanding parties being—that to effect this is a far more controlling consideration than the existence of mutual attachment, or personal fitness in other respects.

As long as such examples are set in high places, and the world continues to be governed in large spheres of life—perverted from the personal and individual rights of the people, marriages will be robbed of its divine sanction, and made observers of the most sacred of all human ties.

FOR THE VICTIMIZED.

There are now in the New York post office over a thousand letters, addressed to the victims of the various gift-enterprise, logue lottery, and other swindling concerns, and the most of them, with rich harvests, before Mayor Tieman and Sergeant Bernay broke them up. These letters will be sent to the dead letter office, and the money they contain returned to the owners thereof, if they can be found. Therefore, let all of these fortunate dupes who have sent on their money first, or write for Mayor Tieman, or City Judge Bosworth, "or about their Ya and Xs," for neither the Mayor, nor we, nor anybody else will do any good. Let the persons undertook to return their money to the silly patrons of these swindles, but they can be no help for him, or her, in their despair, and hereafter their hopes must rest on the Dead Letter office. We have no doubt that next day, 4236 of these letters had been sent to and ejected at Washington, and $10,000 found in them. Enough we sympathize with these poor victims, we can but wonder, first, that there should be such a preponderance in the country, and secondly, that they should be so ready to confess their folly to the public. Such a man who has been so long and been so silly as to send money to any of these swindling concerns, deserves to have neighbors or a stranger know anything about it. But still it is difficult for country people to be on their guard against all the ingenious dodges that are set on foot to fleece them by the numerous scoundrels who infest New York and other cities.

DULNESS OF THE BOOK-TRADE.

There has been less activity in the book market this season than for many years past, and publishers are complaining accordingly day of dullness. The only marked exception in this state of general dullness is in the book-trade in found in the sale of Parton's "Life of Aaron Burr," which has a large circulation and is still selling largely. This is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that "Aaron Burr" is perhaps the most noted name of modern history, so far as the gloating of curiosity is concerned. He has been so continually written about, and so variously and mercilessly "cut up," that everybody feels a desire to learn who and what he really was, and this work Mr. Parton's critical and entertaining volume amply gratifies.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY ROBERTS BROTHERS.

MANY persons think, with Sir Henry Wotton, that they had rather live free Mary than fifty Necessaries. But, unfortunately, where life is not always a mercy one, nor is a mercy one necessarily short. We must live our appointed time in the world for good or evil, for we cannot quit the vessels of life, and then say it does like a spaniel, "Take up your dead men." Many a man who has lived to a good age and is a reverend old man, is not to be envied, for instead of leaving any sins when they have deserved some of having committed our manners, and left the world, they think out, but their ghosts may haunt us in the shape of bad habits, and bad habits are the heaviest curse we can carry with us to eternity for the sinners of our youth.

A PHYSICIAN, or exclusive club is the most shy, sullen, reserved and unsociable of all institutions. Its aspect or one class is a separate of all others. The business of its members is a disunctionism from the general body of citizens; it is the very association it is discreet. It is a tub, a cave, a sloper, a miserly, a jesuit, a conspiracy, a knot, a secret, a mystery, a hole, a corner, a den, a lurking place, dilapidated, and inhospitable. If there is, in such narrow fellowship, any single element of sociability, why does the world not know it? Why is it not known in the House of the Nobles, were sociable beings.

In a curious fact that we pay statesmen or politicians for what they say, not for what they do, and judge of them by what they say, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice, and make up their opinions as they do hose'ry, one to their body, with one set of features for show, and another for use.

"WELL, you please to read me the better before you go," said a man a dozen years ago to the editor of the old Post upon time. He wonder if Mr. Clay's masterpiece would please him, and he was willing to try.

A CERTAIN editor, who has had a controversy with a contemporary, says that he has never seen the man. But he would have the advantage of us. He would have seen a fool.

ORIGINALITY, "Well, my dear, say what you will, I am sure that is a very pretty dress." We wonder if authorship is ever so much as a dress, or a dress ever so much as authorship.

A NEW ENGLAND writer, inclined to infidelity, says that religion costs the world a vast deal. The world of the world is a man's pocket, and he knows it.

"WHY, my dear sir, are you always gazing at the moon?" asked a friend of one who is a star gazer. "Because I never before saw."

"I HAVE been cruelly deceived in pieces," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "Yes, but you don't know what it is to be deceived in one."

THE more we know of history, the less shall we be disposed to rely on the testimony of others, and the more we often pay for our knowledge of it.

A LAWYER'S bill, like the natural crave, is found in the morning papers.

CURRENT ITEMS.

WILLIAM ENDE, second mate of the ship John J. Boyd, was murdered on the 7th of January on this ship, for cruelly beating and causing the death of a fat Hero. The murder was based on board the ship, and it appeared in evidence that the poor boy's back was beaten almost to a jelly. The murderer was arrested in Boston, and on the 7th inst. was brought to trial in the criminal court, when one was found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The sentence was a just one.

GERRIT GARRETSON has been occasioned in Kingston by the explosion of a barrel of gas. A piece of it was sent to a Turkish gentleman of rank. The lady's portraits identified the remains of her husband, and the Turkish law in a congenial mode he found to perform the marriage ceremony. Several of the Kingston citizens were present at the funeral, and the Turkish lady, and the body of the husband was at last committed to the earth. The Circumnavigator he will make a little more than a year, and he will be accompanied by his wife, who is to be tried for a breach of the peace committed.

THE Rev. Mr. Hall, of Brooklyn, attends the British officers came upon a horrid den, in which some fifteen or twenty prisoners were confined, who were in a state of wretchedness passing description. Three corpses were lying on the floor, and the living ground about in the filth. *Disease and trouble had been partially eaten away by rats, and the living were unable to drive away the vermin.* Fever, consumption, scurvy, and other diseases were in the last throes of starvation.

A WOMAN lady of Cincinnati, who owns a lot in the suburbs of that city, has refused to sell it to a railroad company because it runs through a graveyard, and she objects to having the graves of her friends disturbed. The company have offered her $1,000 for the lot, but she refuses to sell it for any consideration. She says she would rather have the graves undisturbed than to receive the money.

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A NEW ENGLAND

GOING TO COURT.

BY ALICE GARY.

The farm-hall quivered from the wave
The golden bundles, bearing,
And, gilding anew, oak and cave
Their separate portions, he saw free

Then, counting all the sweet sleighs
Of his young heart into his eyes,
As if he might see as they sighs,
He lingered, looking at the skies.

The evening's yellow glow lay long
Through tangle's bank of yellow bent,
And round tree-hills slant fences—
Still activity he said to praise

The large-eyed blooms—the stitching sun,
The crooked lane, and valley low—
Each common wish, indeed, more one,
And that the way he named to go!

In truth, for nature's simple shows
He had an intangible than sight, so spare,
He said to please his eyes, the rose
Climbed really out upon the air.

The boon forever, in her whole attire
Displayed to sun her modest element,
And again-blossoms, all on fire,
Fell entwisted to his scene.

When nature ruled the summer boy
Last year, a little thorn he drew
Out of her white hand, such a way,
It pierced his heart all through and through

Poor flower-tad! could he gain sight
Since soon have forsaken leaves were wet,
His eyes had complete all their light
Back to his heart, and broken it.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XLII.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

"You have seen my wife," observed the merchant to his guest, as they quitted the room together, "and your likely to become a favorite with her."

"She is very kind," replied Richard.

"And beautiful," observed the jealous husband, feeling his pain him with an uneasy expression.

"Most beautiful!" exclaimed the youth; "in fact, the loveliest woman I ever beheld." Then blushing at the warmth into which he had been betrayed, he added, "I should not have presumed to make such an observation at my age unasked for."

"Why not?" demanded his host, affecting a gaiety he was very far from feeling.

"It might have appeared presumptuous."

"Modest, or actful, which is it?" mentally asked Mr. Chatelon.

"In a mere boy," added the speaker.

The last observation dissipated for the moment any unfavorable impression, and the merchant began to think that the word of his old friend and correspondent was not likely to prove false; still, a very dangerous inmate of his establishment, especially when he decked on the wonderful beauty with which Zamora had divided his wishes, and avoided being talk alone with him.

Jealousy is frequently represented as tyrannical; yet it not rather to be pointed blind—mistaking desires for sight, sunlight for darkness?

Sir Charles Fourness and the visitors, in the solace reserved the introduction of our hero with true English cordiality. Dashish alone held back, and scrutinized it by turning somewhat stiffly for he had fount of his friendship with Wharton.

"A young officer who had lately joined my regiment," observed the baronet, as he shook Richard warmly by the hand, "speaks of you enthusiastically. I trust to have the pleasure of cultivating your acquaintance."

Major Pfindleton, struck by the manly appearance and unaffected bearing of the new-comer, invited him to dine on the following day at the mess.

"It is a pity you are not in the service," observed Dashish, feeling that he must say something.

"Great pity," repeated the major, eying the well-knit figure and broad shoulders of the youth complacently.

"Why so, major?"

"It would have opened the government-house to you," replied the first speaker, in a tone so delicately supercilious that, although the impertinence was felt, it was all but impossible to resent it.

"Mr. Hoffman will find the doors of the society closed against him," said Mr. Chalon, who cordially detested Dashish, "although he is a civilian."

"Indeed!"

"My young friend brought excellent letters of introduction with him."

"Of whose sales," replied Dashish, "no one can be a better judge than yourself."

"They are all commercial ones," continued the merchant, delighted to annoy him. "I have known many a man esteem himself fortunate in being able to quit the service in India after thirty years' service to only half the amount of your young friend commence life with. His letters to the Governor-General," he added, "are from the Commander-in-Chief and the Chairman of the Company."

The lieutenant bit his lips, and began to consider whether it might not be worth his while to cultivate the friendship of our hero.

Here the visitors took their leave.

"I took ask the impression your new acquaintance has made," observed Mr. Chatelon. "I am sure you will be your countenance. You like Sir Charles."

"I think him a perfect specimen of an English gentleman," replied our hero.

"And the major?"

"Kindhearted, but impetuous and choleric."

"You have a quick perception of character," said his host. "There is but one more."

"I'll rather not express any opinion of that one yet," answered Richard, thoughtfully—a sure sign that it was unfavorable.

It was not without a vague sense of uneasiness that Dashish described the brother of Alfred Warton join his regiment, and for several days he watched him narrowly without nothing could be seen superseding than the manners of the new-comer, or coldly politest than the few brief phrases which professional duty compelled them to exchange occasionally; but there all intercourse between them ended. Not a word or look on the part of Fred betrayed the slightest allusion to the past. An impenetrable veil seemed to hide his feelings—the recollection of the outrage, and the bitter sense of wrong which rankled in his heart. The tyrant of his school-days had much rather that he had betrayed impatience, appeared restless in his presence, and been low guarded in his language. The studied impassibility of his former victim annoyed him.

"Come him," he repeatedly muttered to himself, "his presence will revive the old take again, and occasion me all kinds of annoyance. If he would only once speak out fairly I should know how to deal with him."

But Fred Wharton did not choose to speak out, for fear it should defeat the cherished design of avenging his brother's death. The officers of the regiment would have pronounced it a height quarrel, an unfortunate affair, and justified his former oppressor in refusing to meet him on such grounds. It was unnecessary, then, to find another to which his own conduct should be so irreproachable that no censure might serve to screen the man whom he looked upon as little better than an assassin.

Dashish at last began to mistake this guarded conduct for cowardice, and his confidence revived with the suggestion.

"The fellow has heard that I am one of the best shots in the service," he concluded, "and is wholly determined not to compromise himself by alluding to the affair. I shall dismiss it from my memory."

This, however, was for more easily said than done. The "affair," as he hesitatingly termed it, was not to be forgotten. It haunted him in his dreams, and not unfrequently arrested the jest upon his lips, in his waking hours, especially if he detected the calm, thoughtful eyes of Wharton fixed upon him.

They reminded him of his brother's.

Richard had been taking rifle at the mess of the gallant old, when one of the officers proposed an adjournment to the rifling school, in order to try their skill at the target. This was the opportunity Dashish so ardently desired of displaying his skill and coolness, and he therefore seconded the suggestion eagerly.

The party was soon agreed to, and the major, who had a soldier's love for every martial exercise, accompanied them. The target was soon raised, and

THE TRIAL OF SKILL.

"I should not like to have a quarrel with you," added our hero.

"You might, with perfect safety."

"How so?"

"Because there is only one thing in the world against which I could ever be induced to employ the proficiency I have attained at the expense of so much time," answered his friend.

"And that one, I suppose, is Dashish."

Wharton made no reply.

"I cannot comprehend this" exclaimed Richard, painfully impressed by his silence, "and must speak my thoughts, even at the risk of forfeiting your friendship. You have never deliberately acquitted him of the cowardly act with the intention of—No, no!" he added; "forgive me—my daughter's love wrongs you!"

"With what intention do you imagine Dashish has acquitted his skill?" demanded Fred Wharton, calmly.

"His motives cannot justify yours," observed our hero. "Fred, this is some misconception lamentation of your better reason. There is something so horrible, so repugnant in your design, that reflection, I feel assured, must lead you to abandon it. If he has wronged you, leave him to that future we all must answer to. Why burden your youth with vengeance, or stain the nobility of your nature by a crime?"

"I have never yet sought a quarrel with him," resumed the young soldier, deeply moved. "But am I supposed to do?"

"With the assassin's skill," answered his friend, repressing his voice.

Wharton started from his seat, and paced the room in violent agitation. A terrible contest was evidently raging within him.

"You do not know the provocation I have received," he muttered, hurriedly; "you cannot imagine the pain without a breast has inflicted on mine. Richard, you have never had a friend to murder—a governor, devoted brother, who loved me left me alone in the world. Had Dashish expressed sorrow for the deed—felt it—he sought—as any one human would have done—I could have—yes, I think I could have forgiven him; I should not have lie died."

"Murdered him!" repeated his horror-stricken hearer.

"Killed him for defending me."

"Leave him to justice, then."

"Justice!" repeated the youth, smiled young men, passionately. "Think you it was one of those petty affairs of social which bring the offender within the reach of laws? No; they fought at Calcutta, and I was professed to accompany—and—spare me the sickening details—he died and left me alone in the world. Had Dashish expressed sorrow for the deed—felt it—he sought—as any one human would have done—I could have—yes, I think I could have forgiven him; I should not have lie died.

"Richard has dip," resumed the exulted youth, "I devoted myself to acquire the skill you blame. I have practiced for the assistance of it, in the thought of striking the assassin——"

"Of becoming a murderer like him."

"Right! right! it would be murder," gasped his friend. "Fred that I am the means by which I sought to secure retribution for the spilled it; for it would leave my enemy without an equal chance of life. I have endeavored to clear my heart of the conviction, but in vain; conscience repeats, and reason confirms it."

"You abandon your intention, then," said Richard, eagerly, his hand. "I am sure you will—I am sure you will like yours was never framed for crime."

"Richard!" exclaimed the young man, solemnly, and the cold drops which started on his brow bore witness to the agony that resolution cost him. "Do not—do not—I implore you—I command you in your opinion, will justify me, the life of Dashish is safe."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed our hero, "reason has triumphed over passion. Fred, I am sure that your wrongs, and sympathize with all you have suffered——"

"Do not praise me," murmured Fred Wharton. "Richard, let me to praise you," replied his friend. "To your better angel, who witnessed your contest, belongs the right to hymn the victory."

Although it had been arranged, in order to avoid all suspicion on the part of Sanford, that our hero and Lieutenant Marsh should appear to society to more casual acquaintances, they contrived to meet regularly and exchange notes of their several proceedings. Sometimes it was during a ride on the banks of the Hooghly; on another occasion, the club, or the saloon of their mutual friends.

Mr. Hoxby could not have made a more judicious selection of a guardian and adviser for his grandson. Marsh was one of those men whom deep

I should not like to have a quarrel with you," added our hero.

"You might, with perfect safety."

"How so?"

"Because there is only one thing in the world against which I could ever be induced to employ the proficiency I have attained at the expense of so much time," answered his friend.

"And that one, I suppose, is Dashish."

Wharton made no reply.

"I cannot comprehend this" exclaimed Richard, painfully impressed by his silence, "and must speak my thoughts, even at the risk of forfeiting your friendship. You have never deliberately acquitted him of the cowardly act with the intention of—No, no!" he added; "forgive me—my daughter's love wrongs you!"

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pointments had sobered, not soured; who, entering life for society, enter it with their eyes open, and loyally appreciate the tone and character of parties they enter.

Such a friend to one so young and inexperienced, with such high principle and generous impulse to guide him, was indeed invaluable.

On the evening after the scene we have just described had taken place, the two gentlemen met by appointment on horseback at the ghaut or landing-place, on the banks of the river, directly opposite the ruined temple dedicated to the goddess Sheva. The sun was setting in a flood of golden light at the back of the crumbling fane, whose broad doors extended to the marble steps leading to the water's edge.

A little crew rain at the same time, and stood for several minutes contemplating the landscape, whose foliage darkened into deeper and still richer hues as the sparkling sun descended.

"Well, Richard," said the co-dragoon, after looking around him to ascertain that they were alone, "have you anything to communicate?"

"Unfortunately, nothing."

"And yet you have been regular in your attendance at the evening-levee of Mr. Chatelon?"

"Not a day has passed without my spending several hours there," observed the young man; "but I have not obtained the slightest clue."

The lieutenant looked dissatisfied.

"You do not suspect me of indifference?" exclaimed the youth, quickly.

"I could as soon suspect you of a crime, my dear boy," answered his friend. "I appear disappointed and impatient, and I confess my feelings partake of both feelings. It arises from the state in which we are placed—a position, but long misgiving breed land."

"I do not understand you."

"India," continued the soldier, "is on the eve of a revolution. As an officer, I am sworn, to what the element's desolating breath is as the spring's dew, to preserve, to reconcile—to her; and yet our rulers, although daily—nay, almost hourly—warned, remain obstinately blind or imperiously incredulous. You doubt my words, and smile at my prophecy," he added. "I am not the first who has been called a croaker. But I shall have to a that our mission may be accomplished before the threatened landing.

"What can break the might of England?" demanded Tyrrel, emphatically. "Not the weak effeminate Asiatic. In a contest it would be led against itself."

"You forget," observed his friend, "that even lead becomes a fearful weapon when sudden. I am not, mark me, a fanatic. I still retain my confidence in the Saxon race. It is the suffering, not the end, that I fear. Richard, we must leave Bengal—at once."

"And discovered——"

"A denial—a half-one—for I dare scarcely call it a fact," interrupted Lieutenant Marsh. "Before quitting England, your grandfather informed me that the securities stolen from his house in London were negotiated in India through the native firm of Ramchund and Company."

"Yes."

"Have you seen their names in any transactions with Chalmon and Company?"

"No."

"And yet you committed the books?"

"Most carefully."

"Of the three partners, when the transaction took place, one only now survives; the younger, A. Ramchund, and he is the intimate friend of Dashish."

"To follow he has been tormenting me to hire a house at" exclaimed Tyrrel, "as if I were not most particularly where I am."

"No doubt," observed the soldier, drily; "but that is not the point. The natives I am about to give you, must be followed to the letter; and yet it is the last I should offer, but for that iron yoke, in which we must bow ourselves, for I fear it will prove distasteful."

"Name it, then, my dear sir."

"Well, then," continued his adviser, "you must cultivate the acquaintance of Sanford more than you have hitherto shown an inclination to do,—to certain his prospect of hiring the house in reconmends; this will bring you in contact with his cousin Al Moorad."

"Willingly," answered Richard, "if you advise it; but I cannot see the utility of associating with the Hindoo merchant."

"If morality has been committed, he possesses the clue to it," replied Marsh. "I have made inquiries cautiously, of course, respecting his character. Like most of his countrymen, he is extremely avaricious; is only honest so far as the law compels him; in short, is one of those brokers which prop upon the money and inexperienced, on their first arrival in this country. Many a man, whose love is fronted with age and service, is still toiling," he added, "to pay the penalty of having believed in the disinterested offers of Al Moorad."

"Such a man is capable of any crime," observed our hero.

"With the clue I have given, you need not fear him," observed the lieutenant.

At the word "fear" the countenance of his ward and pupil flushed.

"Understand me," added the speaker; "I speak of that fear which keeps thoughtful and prudent at least—nay feel when first they come in contact with novelty, giddiness, and vice—the warning bell—ing for which virtue protects her image in the heart of youth. Now let us turn our horses' heads towards Calcutta. The flames has already been a very pleasing one; it is time we changed the subject."

CHAPTER XLIII.

JEALOUSY.

As Mrs. Chatelon had foreseen, our hero, having delivered his letters, received an invitation to the ball at the government-house. It was his first introduction to society, and a more brilliant one could scarcely have been desired. Whether it was the safest occasion to be seen; for, unhappily, the school of morals in India is concealing more than it—a represents, in which both sexes share. It is, however, by no means to be considered as a general one. Many of England's daughters and even in the hotbed of luxury and passion into which, on their arrival, they are cast, the exercise and simplicity of character which render their native home so sacred.

There were two persons who viewed his scene in what was destitute the lightest color, Calcutta with distaste—Sanford and Dashish. They decidedly objected to it: the first from jealousy—the mortifying failure of his ill-repressed attempts to penetrate the barriers of caste; for, after all, the Hindoos are not the only ones who observe it most scrupulously; and the other from a species of dislike which he had conceived against the young stranger.

Another and yet stronger reason for Dashish's distaste was Richard's friendship with Fred. Wharton. As for Mr. Chatelon, he had not quite made up his mind what light to regard the latter in. The ward of his respected correspondent became popular—had what it called a mere fit—and it might render him all the more dangerous; on the contrary, his friendship with Fred might be a recommend upon his hands—too much at home.

That our hero was decidedly admitted to be so-called.

The beautiful Zamora was the only person who felt particularly pleased on the occasion. She already felt a strong interest in Mr. Tyrrel; his manners were so unassuming, so distinguished, and his self-sufficiency of the military beaux of the station, therefore, to her from the over-studied compliments with which they almost without exception addressed her.

Let us not be misunderstood. It was merely an impression which she might feel on the subject—the sympathy of equal age, refined taste, and an intellect developed by years, which, but too often forms the alloy in friendship between the opposite sexes—the repast that creeps in and lies concealed under love's richest flowers.

In the simplicity, and, let us add, the purity of her heart, she misconstrued the pleasure of welcoming his emotions on his entre into the world—not seeking to form his opinions, or guiding them—perhaps of sharing his confidence.

"I must permit you to Lady Bell!" she exclaimed, the same day that the invitation arrived, "and Tyrrel."

"May I ask who is Lady Bell?" demanded our hero.

"The most delightful creature in the world," answered the young lady, "and the most beautiful as she is good. Everybody loves her. She is quite the belle of Calcutta. There is not a beauty to compare with her."

You must permit me to doubt the last assertion," answered the youth, with a decision which caused Mr. Chatelon to feel exceedingly uneasy, for he perceived that the young stranger looked at the implied compliment—a thing he had never accorded to any one before; even when she had received much more decided ones.

"Lady Bell is the slightest occasion for her blushing, the speaker having made the remark in all the sincerity of truth. He had stated that Madam Chatelon was exceedingly lovely, and he admired her as he would have admired a gem or flower. Nothing more. Besides, Miss Bell was a wife precluded in his heart way warmer feeling.

"Lady Bell was described Lady Bell," said husband, anxious to direct the conversation into another channel. "Lady Bell! Lady Bell! Tyrrel's question of who she is."

"A very fool, Herbert," answered the mistress of the mansion; "you always allow us to run on without reflection. Her babyship," she continued, "is the daughter of Lord Bell of Clayton, and the wife of Sir Charles Fourness, who commands the 45th."

Charles Wharton's regiment—the fine, reddicoated fellows who had marched with him.

"The same," replied the merchant.

"Having no other means of adopted a very lovely girl, who was cast upon her protection under very peculiar circumstances, and treats her as her own child."

"People do say," observed the merchant, "that Lillian is the daughter of Lord Bell."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the lady.

"Why so, my love?"

"Because, if that were the case, Lady Bell could not love and respect him as she does."

Mr. Chatelon felt gratified at his wife's belief in the sincerity of a young and beautiful woman for whose welfare he was deeply interested.

"You cannot conceive," continued the speaker, "how popular is the confidence which she bestows them. From her rank, amiability and talents, she is universally courted. Enter a room, and, where Lady Bell is, there you will find the most intelligent and the most cultivated, hanging on her words, basking in the sunshine of her benignant eyes. If Sir Charles approaches, he regards her with a delight which no husband, no parent can be; there is no restraint, no jealousy."

Mr. Chatelon observed that Richard would doubtless have remarked the slight emphasis upon the last word; but to him the absence of jealousy on the part of the colonel appeared only as the natural consequence of their being married. He could comprehend the jealousy of a lover, but not that of a husband.

"And is this Lillian so exceedingly beautiful?" he asked.

"Exquisitely so," answered Zamora. "So modest and retiring; not the overwhelming loveliness of her protectress, but the quiet green that steals into the heart. You must guard young," she con-

fussed, laughingly, "for I have already written to Lady Bell to engage her *protge* for the first dance with you."

"Is this sort, now, or indifference?" thought Mr. Chutney.

"I had hoped," replied Richard, "for the honor of another partner—yourself."

"I seldom dance," observed the lady; "not that I will refuse you; but you will find plenty of time during the evening to dance with me. I am an old married woman," she continued, with mingled acidness and dissatisfaction. "You must not compromise your chance of a success by walking your first quadrille with me."

As this fair-like speech uttered this, she smiled, and shook the long, magnificent curls which hung half way down her shoulders.

"Decidedly I must get rid of this young man," thought Mr. Chutney; "this boy in his first manhouse is intolerable."

Sanford, the managing clerk, entertained the same desire, and from a similar motive. He was already deeply in love, as he termed it, with the wife of his employer, who, had she been asked, would have felt puzzled to recollect him, so slightly had she noticed him, and the cool, cutting scrutiny of the moment at the presence of one who might possibly become a rival under his nose roof with him.

It was with considerable satisfaction, therefore, that he heard the husband, that very same day, in the counting-house, ask him whether Mr. Tyrrell had ever spoken to him of asking up an absentee's vacant seat.

"Never, sir," he replied, "neither do I think he has the slightest desire to do so."

The merchant bit his lips.

"And yet he is quite rich enough?"

"Quite!" exclaimed the clerk; "but he appears no happy love."

This was not uttered without intention, and the shot told; the sparkler saw the old man writhing beneath its effect.

"Of course," observed Mr. Chutney, after a pause, "I cannot hint the propriety of his making his claim here more than a temporary affair. It might extend me with my old friend and partner, Tyrrell, Carey; but you might hint it to him."

"I am glad, sir, if you desire it."

"I do desire it!" replied his employer, emphatically; "but without hinting at it here."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Sanford.

"The old fool," muttered the hot-eared speaker, as soon as he was alone. "Jealous! jealous! but without a cause as yet—though how long it would continue as if this progress remained, is more than I would venture to speculate upon. His wife is susceptible—she must be, for he is quite aware of the question that love was an ingredient in her ill-assorted marriage. I am sure she is pure even in thought at present; proud and capricious, strangely capricious. If I could only excite the old man's suspicions—lead him to a misconception, a rupture—linger might do the rest. I wonder that he has never suspected me!"

The last words betrayed the inordinate vanity and conceit of the man. They were the feelings which led him into expenses he could ill afford, and were the key to his character and designs, for it would be monstrous to suppose that aught like love ever darkened into the selfish thing he called his heart.

But if love did not, desire and calculation did. He knew that he overlooked in his marriage had settled a considerable portion of his fortune upon his bride, and doubted not but the rest would follow, in the event of her surviving him. Consequently, the death of the husband and the elegance of the wife could only prove a gain to him.

Acting on the hint he had received, when Richard Tyrrell made his appearance at the counting-house, on the following evening, he began to sound him by asking how he liked Calcutta and the prospects of an Indian life.

"I love such out-door life as that very well," he reply.

"And yet you have dined at the room of the 62nd," observed the clerk.

"Of course."

"And are invited to the ball at the government house?"

"That is to come."

"True," replied the fellow, cavingly; "and as you remember, you have stated it to be your first opportunity of forming your opinions yet. But you will have both as soon as you are established."

"How established?"

"In a house of your own. For, of course, you cannot invite your bachelor acquaintances to Mr. Chutney's; and I would not accept invitations without returning them."

Our hero began to reflect.

"I previously offered you my services," continued the speaker, "to assist you in your arrangements; I permit me to renew them."

"Thank you," said Richard; "but really I feel no desire to change my abode; and as for the society you name, save very little about it. I am sure sir Charles would object."

"Sir Charles!" exclaimed the clerk, annoyed by what he considered the consummate coolness of the youth. "Mr. Chutney, one of the wealthiest merchants in India, does not sir Indge."

"There is no mistaking that hint," thought the clerk.

The young man colored to the temples. Although comparatively ignorant of the world, he was not so simple as to suppose that the speaker would have ventured to speak so slightingly without very likely, a hint from his employer. He felt surprised—slightly hurt, perhaps—that such a proceeding should have been thought necessary; but angry only with himself, at what he considered his want of tact and ignorance of the world.

"You are very kind," he observed; "and I accept your offer; for really I have not the slightest idea of the necessary arrangements."

Nothing more simple to a house near the settlery ground—two suites, a dining-room, bath and sleeping-room—and, let me ask, about five or six servants—"

"Six many!" exclaimed his hearer, with surprise.

"Can't well do with less in India, even a bachelor," observed Mr. Sanford; "first you will require a khansamah, or butler, with a couple of khitmagars, to attend at table, and a khit to act as valet; a *sirdar*, to attend to the lamps; a *bhastie*, or watercarrier, and a *syce*, or groom, to each horse.

"As for the *syce*, to keep accounts—"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed our hero, laughingly; "I can attend to those myself."

"Close," thought the clerk.

"How soon?" he added, speaking aloud.

"As speedily as possible," replied Richard; "I *go* given *sir Amelia*."

Mr. Chutney was delighted at the success of his clerk's tact, and congratulated himself upon having got rid, as he imagined, of a dangerous rival—a rival, finally, in the proper sense of the word, one rival between youth and age; the advantages are too much on one side.

It was on the morning of the ball that Richard Tyrrel alighted in the course of conversation to his having taken a house near the artillery-ground, and expressed a hope to the merchant that he would honor it, by accepting an invitation to his first dinner.

Sorrow looked terribly disappointed.

"Am you really going to leave us?" she demanded.

"It is impossible, my dear madam," replied the youth, "that I should longer intrude upon your hospitality—a hospitality," he added, "which has been so cordial as kind. I may remain years in India, and shall doubtless make many friends, but where shall I find such?"

"Could you not receive them here?"

"You overwhelm me—such kindness."

Mr. Chutney, who secretly applauded himself upon the success of the resolution he had come to, now thought it was time for him to express his surprise and regret, which he did so naturally, that our hero believed him, and began to think he had acted precipitately.

His wife did not believe him.

"Surely," cried the merchant, "a few weeks' residence here can make no difference. Likely of Richard bored.

"How quick you have been about it," observed his host.

"I had Mr. Sanford's assistance."

"And advice, no doubt," resumed his hostess, in a tone of vexation she did not care to conceal.

"Of course," replied the youth.

"And so you intend to mount an establishment," continued the speaker, after a pause—"be your own master. Perhaps you are right. Liberty of action, freedom from all control, is sweet at every age, but above all at yours."

This last observation was accompanied by a glance at her husband, who almost began to repent of his manoeuvre. He had never heard his wife speak with so much interest before.

"Lord Melville has sold the Arab mare he wished you to purchase for him a few days since."

"I thought, my love," observed her husband, determinedly, "that you had given up the idea."

"I never give up my ideas," interrupted Mrs. Chutney, coldly; "I only postpone the execution of them."

The gentleman bit his lips in silence.

"Adieu," she said, extending her fair hand to the speaker. "I have my toilette to arrange—a new dress which proves an incapacitation for the Tyrrell took the hint and departed.

"Lord Melville's mare!" muttered the merchant, in a tone of vexation, as he turned to indulge in it. Herbert," she added, "you will see if Colonel Ne

INSPIRATIONS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Those are the inspirations and the lights
That lead us on and upward evermore;
We hear sweet voices in the purple nights
Call from a starry shore.

We're workers of the harvest of the truth!
We're angels with the sickles in our hands!
Right the stone pillows with perennial ruth,
The fallen raise!

Be brave, be patient, tread life's stubbiest ways—
We're angels bidden here with a shielded hand!
The purple feelings of your generous toil
Shall gladly die hard.

Be brave, be noble, planting among these
The fairest harvest of the nation's sights;
We be! the fiery pillars of the morrow
Rise on the sunless nights!

MIRIAM.

A DARK PAGE IN LIFE'S HISTORY.

BY MARY G. VAUGHAN.

I never knew, until that last farewell was spoken, how deep, and strong, and reliant had been my attachment to Basil Thorn. And when the last cannon of wifely duty, that had survived the dead love of only wedded days, were moved aside to let the shadow of that knowledge fall upon me. I knew only that I was very sad, that a great weariness suddenly oppressed me; that my long habit of patient, silent, strong endurance seemed all disturbed and broken up; and that life had never never looked so fearfully dreary, so unutterly long, as when it gazed upon it through the days that followed Basil's departure.

Over and over again I repeated Basil's parting words, and when my lips were still, they yet seemed to sing for me a strange, unnatural monotone. Yet they were only those common words, and by no means beaming, as I told myself, any unusual significance.

"Farewell, Miriam, dear, and best-loved friend! We shall speak again where both can hear and see." Nay, doubt not, Miriam, the future that now lies shrouded in mystery, when we reach it, shall rejoice in the sunlight of peace."

He went away, leaving me these words as a legacy—prophetic words, cheering words, also; yet unfortunately one that disturbed a life that had and a disciplined will had previously been at rest and tranquil.

By day you will see, my friend, that I had suffered; that I was not happy even before this visit from my spirit friend as you have learned that I had often before said, in silent boasting, that I had learned never to suffer; yet, that I could not cause I would, and because He who sent it knew far better than I what it was that is pleased my Heavenly Father, for the wise purposes of which he inflict upon me, without any useless murmurings. I knew and knew how instinctively I was conscious why I had relied on the presence of Basil Thorn for comfort; how very fain he was to see me—to see a true friend who made no profession—had ennobled me by their almighty and strongly the universe of my fate.

He lived of myself and husband by widely apart. We were married, but were not made one. And every year proved more plainly how impossible it was that ever we should fulfill all that the divine harmonies of the divinely appointed relation.

I had not accepted the bitter lesson taught me by the years of my married life, without many a weary struggle. It was hard to believe that life had no compensations for its actual and unsolicited sufferings, and that the gain along which my feet must tread, lay always in shadow, often in deep gloom. But I did believe it now, and had long ceased to shrink from the truth that once revealed painfully along all the chords of my being.

I was but seventeen when I gave my father's hand and went out among strangers, into the unknown world that lay beyond the home circle that had centered my infancy, and all my peaceful, innocent girlhood. My mind seemed a blank world in itself. I had peopled it with the brightest visions. I felt neither doubt nor fear, as I stood, for the first time, over the familiar threshold. I turned from the grasses of my father's hand to rove, from the canvas of my little sister; from the clasping of my mother's arms, not without sadness, it is true, and deep sadness, but hope lent enchantment to the anticipated future joys; and with my hand in his who I had promised my heart and unfaltering troth and love, I went, undismayed, to my new life.

We came to L. That was to be our home. Caspar had prepared a lovely, tiny cottage for my reception—it'll not for its sweet clinging bird," he whispered, as he led me over its threshold.

Oh, how happily the days passed in that fairy cot. It was a bridal-bird time, and all the day, when my husband left me to attend to his business, I sang my songs to the picture-mute, or to the shady garden walks.

Ah, yes! We were very happy then—so truly that should have been one. I was selfishly happy, too, for I could bear no intrusion upon the charmed life we were living, and was almost indignant if quite grieved when Caspar proposed that Basil Thorn should come to reside with us.

I had never seen Basil, but I knew that he was a studious, thoughtful boy, whose mother had left into his office, as an assistant in such duties as he could perform. I knew, also, that he was the son of one who had rendered my husband very essential service, in his early days; and that by helping on the lad's education my husband hoped to repay, in part, this obligation.

I felt distressed in the lad from all I had heard of him; but I was unaccustomed to boys—there were none in my father's house; and to have this "great boy," as I petulantly called him, a perpetual third person in those enchanted evening hours, at our fireside where all I cared for was Caspar, chafed also, and to do me more severely sustaining life that the caresses and loving words that so conquered it, sweeter than music at the finale of princes, was almost more than I could bear.

But anticipation for once was worse than the reality. I did not object to receiving Basil Thorn, and he came. He had been recently lost his mother, and his sadness, the dissolution of his young life, that clothed him with a premature gravity and demand, moved me to the tenderest pity.

He was a quiet boy, by no means boisterous, never intrusive. He had loved his dead mother passionately; when she died he was utterly alone. It is, perhaps, not strange that he should have at once attached himself to me, with an affection that seemed to me to be a transferal of that which had belonged to her who was lost to him forever.

Yet the sentiment with which he regarded me could not be filial, for his age too nearly corresponded with my own. Indeed, he was a few months my senior, though I was a young matron, with maturely dignified and matronly duties resting, though lightly, upon my young shoulders, and he only a half-grown lad of seventeen. I believe he loved me as no elder sister, for I seemed much older than he, then, and there was something of the tender reverence with which his excellent mother had inspired him mingled with his affection.

I soon became quite contented with Basil; his presence I found far from disagreeable, and by degrees, at times, very pleasant, for my husband was often absent, and but for this dear boy I should have been alone with servants.

But if I gradually won the female of my Happy home then, how much more dearly did I prize him in this early days that were specially followed, not for his defense, but steadfast kindness, I do not know how I should have borne all. To know that there was one who loved and cared for me with a great love. It was the one gleam of sunlight that ever pierced the cloud that darkened over me. It was the one joy that enabled me to bear, without utter loss of pain, through all those years, the knowledge of my fatal mistake, and its consequences.

I would not speak harshly of the dead, even in truthfulness. He who made my days so wretched, who bartered away the happiness of two lives, too long wept gone to his account. I will not drag his faults before the public gaze, nor dwell his slow but sure progress toward ruin, or the unutterbation in my heart of all affection for one who never could have truly loved me. Thousands of my sex have borne all that I bore, through years of hope extinguished, every blossom of affection crushed, and have suffered, also, as what I to mistake one's destiny, to love unwisely, and trust, and be deceived. Thousands have dragged out all their lives in the dreadful fetters of a false bond, from which they see no way of escape. They will know all I endured, and need no description. Only to the ears of the happy no such tale should be unfolded. I would not shock any by the bare knowledge of such wrongs as mine.

But enough has been written to explain why I felt so greatly the loss of Basil Thorn. Until his first letter reached me, I had thought, in my desolation, that even his knowledge of my loneliness and the friendship that was strong and enduring as his life, afforded me any relief; but as long as he was not with me. When he wrote, though I felt that he was thinking of me, I felt how, mightier than time or space, such a friendship was suffering as one should not have the influence for blessing was evermore secured me.

He was no longer lonely after that letter reached me, though I was separated from many miles, from which the presence of Basil Thorn in my home had removed me. I was happier than even when he had reached the climax of his heroism, was restrained by the disapproval of his self-sent young man, from overt acts of personal wrong to myself. I felt that he was my protector. He knew that, save my aged and invalid father, there was not one who was able to protect me. So rapidly he took the position.

He had misunderstood, however, the ability of my friends to aid me, and my own powers of endurance. When he at length made his home no longer a source of safety to me, I was able to avoid remain without the sacrifice of womanly dignity, as well as without the risk of life. Neither, asking to be received once more beneath his roof.

This letter my excellent parent answered in person. Indignation and sorrow had lent him strength. He came and compelled to take me with him, as no relative, to the arms of my mother and the embraces of my sisters.

Caspar was absent when he came, and then a collision was avoided. I took with me only such necessaries, and, in a few hours, was traveling with my father toward the home of my childhood.

I desired nothing so much as to remain quietly in the pleasant retreat that Caspar did not so well. Every arrangement and persuasion used by him to induce me to return, and at length my father found himself pitted against his own flesh and son-in-law, as having unlawfully restrained his wife from returning to her husband's home.

My entreaties no longer prevailed. The paternal wrath was directed against the unnatural parent. Overwhelmed by all that I had suffered, now that the source of my misfortune was gone, no longer guarded me with the stimulus of passive resistance, I no longer had any power to oppose my father's stronger will. A consent was won from me, and a mechanical performance of the necessary legal preliminaries on my part.

I can hardly say I united the result, for, in the state into which I had fallen, I was scarcely aware of an utter indifference to all that could befall me. Only the future of Basil Thorn seemed to be recorded, had power to rouse me from the morbid conditions so which I had fallen. He seemed my only affectionate solicitude and kindness of my friends, and withdrew ever more and more into solitude. But for Basil my life would have been utterly devoid of interest at this time. We had incessantly changed our abode, and I was scarcely up to me for strength, and comfort, and instruction, as to an elder sister. He became to me also as the brother of my soul, reposing in entire trust upon his deep sympathy.

At length all was over. The legal forms of marriage no longer bound me to the man who long had ceased to be my husband in anything but name. I had married him while laboring under a delusion of his own creation—created for the time by my dreams and hopes, of which he counterfeited the semblance half-truly. He was gone from my life, much afterwards, and appear in the real hideous form, the moral deformity that clothed him like a garment. I was free to go back to my childhood, and that so untouched by the heartfelt complications of my friends, as by everything else, as I had left it carried in my unconscious life.

In this way passed several years. I remember nothing that marked their lapse, save the letters of Basil Thorn. He was still toiling in the law of Mr. Brooks, winning fame and fortune, as I gathered from his modest announcements, and I was always treated as an interest in all by the most tender assertions which characterized his letters, the regardless of his brave, strong heart. But even this effect was temporary, and I speedily relapsed into my unconscious state of passive existence. Emotions that could not be positively endured felt were not felt at all. Even my own sufferings, married a missionary—and we saw her go forth from our quiet home to return not again. Our farewell was forever, for she went to brave a climate under whose withering influence the strongest soon must, and all the trials and toils of the life she had chosen—too great, we all felt, for her delicate frame. We spoke of her sometimes as dying, knowing that we were looking our last upon the sweet young face.

Then the younger widowed. They were twins, with but a few hours of life between them, and the mysterious link that had bound them had been too rudely sundered. Alice widowed and long before Alethea had reached her far off destination we laid her in the grave.

"Misfortune comes not single ripen." Presently

my mother's step grew feeble, and her pale face more wan. Then she laid down upon her bed to rise no more. "The silver chord was loosened, the bowl broken at the fountain," and there was another grave upon the hillside, another in our family circle.

I was left alone with my aged, grief-bowed father. He had still one child to me—a child in herself of all he had loved, and clinging to me who, but for me, would have been left in the protection his own feebleness now demanded.

Basil Thorn was all to me—a necessity for existence, this demand for sympathy. I was borne out of myself. For the first time in years I forgot my own sorrows, and cared for those of others and all the world, was miserable. Beset of all the dear household friends, on my father, who soon I knew must follow those whom we laid in the family burial place, I yet was less unhappy than I had been in the years past. I had something to live for, a human sympathy, a human want or grief.

Even when my father died, and I was left utterly alone, I did not sink into the old morbid conditions. The spirit I had thus developed was elastic. The rebound caused by those great afflictions served but to lift me above myself and my heart strings, the accounts of the swift career of Basil Thorn, and his many successes, even as I had called husband. I had never hated him, now I no longer even felt indifference. An infinite pity, tender and sad, like that of a sister for a lost brother, was all I could bestow. I thought, or heard, of him. I would fain have attempted to lay my hand to save him, but knew not how to reach him. I could only pray for him, and commend him to my God.

Where was Basil Thorn? There a letter that stirred the very fountains of my being—a letter written from a prison cell, in which, under the most fraternal affection, and shrouded me low, in this letter of confession, he had already established with another love that that which had blessed my life.

Since ever you were free," wrote Basil, "this passion has asserted itself. But until I learned that you were free, I did not dare to breathe a series of affections which have deadened your heart to my love. Miriam, I am a criminal. Even my mother left me, have been my dearest earthly friend, Miriam, since you are free, permit me to have now come to love with the ardent passion of my native manhood, will but accept the protection that I offer you, and which in many ways I can still the place in your heart I have so long held, and which, I trust, you will find me worthy of the happiest man in all the world. My life's guardian angel, my good friend Miriam, will you be my wife with all frankness, Miriam, all you feel. I shall remember my duty faithfully to the last moment, if now, or hereafter, you but write me 'Come,' that single word, reaching me at the Antipodes, will be my happiness, and I shall be on the wing to that my sole peace and joy in your love.

"I am a criminal, Miriam, but I am sane in that hour that I loved and was beloved. I knew that I was free, even when a bond stronger than life itself bound I had bestowed upon my ideal, but with the fatal mistake of not unreasoning, love of my native womanhood.

"I could not call to my protection of that love. Not while I lived whom now I had called husband, though the bond that united us had been broken by the hand of death, and I had ceased to call that name. So, with many tears, and terrible struggles of my heart, I resigned forever that beloved voice, and took into the beloved eyes, I looked upon them, and when I left the latter, believed I sealed my fate.

"Miriam, my friend, I had fallen deported towards its destination, then I learned that I was free, even that a bond stronger than death revoked. Caspar Ilding had met his fate at last—the victim of a duel, provoked by violence, gone, with all the sins of his life upon his head, to the judgment of God.

Then, by the next mail, for I would do so much as to delay the letter that I had written, and which the semblance of external grief for one whom I did not mourn, would, I knew by the world's opinion, was to bring him home to me and love—'Come!' Miriam, my friend, my wife, my love, come to me! I might, for the slow passing of the months that must intervene, be my death."

At last, after a weary lapse of time, came a letter. It was coming. Almost as soon as his letter he would be with me. But months passed, and then days, the hours, even the minutes, that dragged themselves by, and he did not come.

Oh, friend, would that my rented might pause here! Would that I might leave the picture of the last bright gleam of the heart's sunlight might image of the glorious future. I write here what followed!

Then above came hours! Somewhere in the depths of the great Pacific his body rests in the ocean's grave. His spirit scene ever to walk by the side of mine, and I know that when the earth will come at last, where there will be no death, no sorrow, no tears, no parting, that we shall dwell forevermore in peace, and light, and love.

Friend, my story is done. I have told the story of our murdered lives, there we shall learn that life who orders all things, is far wiser than we. I am a childless widower, we shall unite no more. I no longer passively endure, nor look with indifference upon the future. I have had my share of days of this last terrible bereavement, dry fate. I have—with sadness, it is true, but duties to be a most content, seeking ever to bind up breaking hearts, and to soothe human woe, to bring human consolation. So, knowing well it is not for long, I wait all my appointed time, with patience and faith!

A STRANGE STORY.

THE FAKIR BURIED AND YET LIVING.

There is a man, a very strange man, among the sights of India, a Fakir or Yogiver too, one who ranked as an intimate with the Hindu conception of death, and suffering himself to be buried for days, or even weeks, apparently dead, for the agreement and compact he enters into with his cunning brethren. The Fakir, having mesmerized those parts, or being trusted as a mesmerist, is held in extraordinary respect and veneration by the people. Many of the Fakirs of this class of man are truly wonderful, and try to ait the matter of their own will, and, having once undertaken, the natives and Europeans are alike perplexed; every one is filled with the fear of the supernatural powers; every means that the skeptical could contrive was tried to detect the imposture which has been suspected; but still the credit remained unshaken to the last. One of those who have witnessed his prodigious feat, is Captain Wade, the political agent at Loodhiana, who stood by when he was disinterred after a burial of one consecutive months, and his body scanned then, as it had seemed at first, to be in a state of suspended animation. In England, it was thought a most wonderful thing, and very justly, when, a dozen years ago, a young Irishman allowed himself to be locked up in a chamber for three weeks, and seals to be placed on the door and window, and agreed to stay there in that confinement without food or drink. This feat, as far as could be seen, he did perform, according to the attestation of several medical gentlemen, written for the newspapers and others.

But look at the difference. In the case of this Indian, instead of confinement in a spacious room the body is put into a tomb; the bag is tied up and sealed with several seals by men of the highest credit and distinction. Then it is put into a box, and the earth over the tomb is trodden down, so that one would suppose it was best enough in all conscience. Not at all: the best is put into a stone tomb, and that, over the stone tomb, a mound, so that it completely drowns, and grass is sown as the very finishing touch to the long body of the fakir and mysterious experiments.

Now, can you marvel! what think you of this? If this be really a consoling man, who buries with him the grass and looks and thoughts of five million of people, and does this for fifteen or twenty years without being caught tripping, it cannot be denied that he has had in a very workmanlike way. *Buried for twelve months under ground with corn growing over his body!* Here is he to enter into competition with his confederates in the trick, if trick it be not! Men of the highest rank, doubtful of his powers, and among those the celebrated Ranjeet Singh, have had him buried at his commencement, and have afterwards been present, when the body was taken up after a suspended animation of twelve months' duration, and the most keen observation could go, that extraordinary man had not undergone blood, without debt, without air for the space of one entire year, and there he was as perfect as when he entered upon his mysterious and dreadful journey.

The wonderful man is now about forty-five years old, and enjoys all the health that a man of temperate habits and regular meals can bestow.

He is always ready to repeat his surprising performances—in fact he lives by them. He gains his livelihood by the exhibition of his powers.

He says that during the time he lies thus in a state of suspended animation, he has the most beautiful dreams that can be conceived. These dreams are all the time of ordinary sort, but they are long, double, continuous, full of incident and romance. They are like a well-written romance of magnificently voluminous. But these beautiful dreams are never completed, and brought to a close, because he is in a very habit of them when the term of his probation comes, and the earth is opened to restore him to the world. He does not remember the time he loses by these interments, for the decline of his powers begins with these journeys to the grave; have to him a far greater charm than real life. One of the most grand Rajput Hindu chiefs, the favorite minister, and the severest grandeur of the Maharajah's court, were conversing with him upon the subject of his dreams, and he was so much in the habit to form some idea of a thing so marvelous, he declared that he very happily by comparing it to one of those fits of musing, which every one has at times, when he is lost in a train of vague thought and wild fire incrustations, and which are so agreeable to the dreamer. He says that he never wakes from them but are ready to curse the officious friend who rescues them from so agreeable a state of half suspended animation.

When the Fakir is taken up after burial, he pulls out what he tells us are the nails of wrist, and the temple are still; there is no breathing; the body is as cold as a corpse would be. It is colder than that of other living men, except over which he has been used to grow, as he has his nails burning. All the secretions are fully stopped, the hair has ceased to grow, as have the nails and beard. He feels no pain, and when he wakes, he says hours cannot stand up without support, and for several days he continues to experience the sensation of a man in a swing, or of one just landed from a rough sea. But gradually he regains his health and good spirits, and enjoys amazingly the wonder and admiration he has excited.

The Sikhs look upon the man as a superior being, gifted with a power from heaven, and they take great pride in his powers of bodily endurance. Many of the Europeans say they always exhibit the greatest joy, and celebrate the occasion of his return from graves and looking off drowsies.

The Rajahs and Princes and other men of state laud him with promises. They do not distrust him as we should do, but they look upon it as a phenomenon of the miraculous, vouchsafed to their own religion, which they are glad to see. They visit him and to the only rich man among the Sikhs who would be to be a long away from court for fear of his place being filled up during his absence. He has been buried in many places, and in the most distinct manner of slander and calumny when out of view of the public, but in no instance were the precautions of either man, they have him unmolested in his glory.

WHEN WILL HE COME?

BY CLARA STUART.

Why, if you are my way in awe of him, and particularly if you are especially anxious to marry for that purpose, you have laid yourself out rather unfortunately. If you are "dying to meet a man," and your own self "arranged" it to a nicety, be sure that he will. If you have set your mind upon a thing, and are willing to see him at a particular time, he won't come. If you are fond of him, and desire to be in a trouble mood when you meet him, when that moment comes upon you, he won't come then.

If you are sitting down some fine lonely, having finished up everything that you desired to do at that time, and are waiting for him to call, because you are to be at-fill liberty to enjoy the society of his friends, and if your thoughts are going out to seek for him, and to draw him to you, call them in—it's a foolish quest; he won't come then.

If you resolutely shut yourself up, day after day, and week after week, in all sorts of stormy, disagreements and pleasures, from a feeling that you should be in the house when he comes, and that you mustn't dare to gain anything by your imprisonment, he will not come while you are there.

But just as you go out once, if you want to bring him. Stay at home from everywhere you want to be, and from everything you want to do, and wait for some plans or performance that you don't care to go to, or even seeing, and while your fashionable yet fresh upon the threshold. *Ah! soon!* Oh, yes! Then you will hear of him, and he will come, and equally eligible. Say a day when you have turned down in in your house upside down; when washing is going on; when the parlor carpets are staring stupidly upon the evidences of last night's late company; when the ashes are on the hearth, and the dust on the tables and chairs; when the servants have wet dresses and smutty faces; when the children have violent colds in their heads, grievous holes in their shoes and stockings, and faces forlorn with dirt; and when you yourself are powdered with dust, and darkened with indignation and sorrow at being in such a "state;" and when—if he is a person you want to welcome with a kiss—your lips are covered with cold sores, he will

CHACES.

Quick-selling, cleaning commodities.—you will! It to make sound cases, and sick man left.

KEEP COOL.

We are one of those who have a joyful face. If there is anything of which we may be grateful, contentment and cheerfulness are among the most a great deal of benefit to others, and in our smiles, smiles are contagious, and we are ever suggesting, gloomy and unpleasant looks. Reader, do you carry a cheerful face. What if your path be beset with difficulties? Is it best to be sour? Then be unfeeling, though you are in debt, and business is dull, and the prospect before you is long—and—a-feeling that's bad. Getting vexed with yourself and everybody else, you'll only help the matter, not a bit. You may feel yourself into fidgets-fidge, but you will not fidge your difficulties away, not one bit as well. If you have your fingers in the crack of a door, or should sprain a pair of bridle, left comfortably on the side-walk, or are half a minute late for the cars, take it coolly—fretting won't help you a bit. If the girl you love don't give you the mitten, or if you have got married and found you've married a termagant, or if a long-cried-for baby won't bring back the one, nor make us angel of the house. "If your umbrella don't keep the thing" when you especially need it, or you get caught in a spring shower, or your dinner-party—if you want to be capable of a military clothes on and can't, or run at an election for an office, and you're defeated, or if you have a fit of sickness, or some gentlemanly pickpocket relieves you of your pocket-book, take it easy—don't fret—don't even elongate your face, but won't afford any consolation to your friends, but only to the patience of your perplexity. It is scandalous for any man, woman or child to be always fidgetting and fussing—growling and grumbling. Fault is worth ten fault-finds, all the world over, and it is a pity it is not more in fashion than it is. Say about something which he will only laugh at and forget, and you will find the same mood; you will find the same individual in a perfect frenzy. Say of passion about some other matter ten times more trifling. Keep cool, then, and don't be needlessly worried. Remember that care once killed a cat, and that it may kill you, if you are not careful. There's nothing like coolness; it never breaks things to its master's disadvantage. If your servant is unable operative, or do itself a mischief? Keep cool. If your wife has a fit of crying, or if your horse runs away. Disagree retreat, when they're really comfortable.

PRAYER.

There is something in the very act of prayer, that for a time stills the violence of passion and elevates and purifies the affections. When affliction presses hard, and the weakness of human nature looks round, in vain, for support, how natural is the impulse which throws us on our knees before Him who has laid his chastenings upon us! and how secure, how encouraging, is the hope that accompanies our supplication, for his pity! We believe that he who made us can not be unmoved with the sufferings of his creatures; and while sincerely asking his compassion, we almost feel that we receive it.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SONG OF THE SUN.

BY C. D. STUART.

"O, I am a painter," the Sun he cried,
As he drove his steeds in a cloudless sky;
"I crimson the rose, and the lily is dyed
With the colors that fall from my burning eye;
I picture the shadows that sleep in the vale—
On the mountain's crest, and the quiet stream—
I sketch on the ocean the snowy sail,
And the Earth grows golden beneath my beam."

"The world is a picture, when I awake
And gather the curtains of night away;
The world is a blank, when slumber I take,
And lives but in dream of the coming day;
I give to the Spring a mantle green,
And a violet wreath to the budding May;
I give to the Summer a golden sheen,
To the roystering Autumn his red and gray!"

"I paint the Earth in its Wintry shroud;
I paint the Earth in its gayest gear;
From a palette of mist I draw the cloud,
And I place a pearl on a falling tear:
O, I am a painter, and but for me—
Over the Earth, and the sea and sky—
There never a picture was, or would be,
To thrill the heart or gladden the eye."

THE TORY SPY,

AND

THE YANKEE SKIPPER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was in the early part of November, 1775, that the Yankee brig, "Sally Lee," lay at one of the wharves in the harbor of Newburyport. She was a stout built craft, and had been fitted out under the act, just passed by the Continental Congress, for the commissioning of armed vessels. Her guns and ammunition were all on board, and a full crew shipped; but her wings were clipped just as she was ready to sail. A British sloop-of-war had made her appearance off the harbor, and lay-to there as though she would like to have some one come out and see her. It was a bitter pill for the Yankee crew. They had received intelligence of the approach of several English store-ships, and had made up their minds to capture one of them, at least.

Capt. John Paulin paced the deck of the Sally Lee with nervous, wrathful strides. He saw himself surrounded by stout men; eight beautiful guns reposed upon their carriages, all ready for action; the Patriot cause needed their aid—and yet they could not move.

"Burgess," said the captain, stopping and addressing his mate, "what d'ye s'pose sent that sloop-o'-war down here?"

"Why—news must have been sent up to Boston that we were goin' to sail," returned the mate.

"And I s'pose she could lay-to in the offin' a month, if she felt so disposed," added Paulin.

"Of course," said Burgess. "The British have got vessels enough in Boston harbor to spare to watch all the armed crafts we can raise."

"Some of the infernal Tories around here must have sent word up that we were ready to put to sea," pursued the captain, with a stamp of the foot. "By the pipe o' Moses, it's too bad! We can't run out while that sloop 's there."

"Not unless we can fool the enemy in some way," suggested the mate. "That chap wont leave the offin' while he thinks we've an idea of leavin' this place."

"And here we have sixty good men just doin' nothin'."

At this point the old gunner, whose name was Gardiner, came up, and having gazed cautiously about him, he said—

"I tell ye, capt'n, I rayther think I can find ye the man that's blowed on us."

"Eh, Sam!" cried Paulin, with a sudden start. "Are you sure of it?"

"Pooty sure on't. And I guess he's shipped aboard this very brig, too."

"What d'ye mean? You don't pretend to say that we've got a Tory right in amongst us?"

"I do pretend to say that very thing, capt'n. Did ye ever take particular notice of that Adam Weeks?"

"D'ye mean that slab-sided, cock-eyed man, from Salisbury?"

"Yes."

"By the big book, Sam, I have noticed him," said the captain, thoughtfully. "I've thought he was a coward, or a scamp of some sort; but I didn't mistrust that he was a Tory spy."

"Well," resumed the gunner, "you can bet your whole brig that he *is* a spy, and nothin' less. I've watched him, and I know he's been up to that old Tory Belknap's two or three times. The very night after we got our guns aboard he went up there; and I'm sure he did the same thing as soon as we'd set the day for sailing."

"But why didn't you tell us of this before, Sam?"

"Because I didn't know of it till to-day. Ye know I've got a sister that lives right opposite old Belknap's. She saw him go in there, and she told me of it."

"Blame him!" muttered Burgess, "let's string the rascal up!"

"Hold on," said the captain. He started across the deck, and when he came back he added—

"We may make this fellow serve us a better purpose than to hang him. We are to have a meeting in Jack's back parlor to-night, and of course Adam Weeks will be there."

"You'll be sure to see him wherever we've got any business to do," responded the gunner.

"Then just keep dark, and leave the matter with me," resumed Paulin. "I'll have something studied up before the time for meeting. And mind you—don't make strange of anything I may say; but act just as though you understood everything."

"Have ye got an idee?" asked Burgess, earnestly.

"Part of one," returned the captain. "But wait awhile. I may tell you more before night. But remember that all this must be kept perfectly mum. Don't lisp a word; for the spy must not know that we suspect him."

The men promised to be secret about the matter, and Captain Paulin then went on shore.

In view of the unexpected obstacle which had thus arisen to bar their egress from the harbor, the crew of the Patriot brig had been notified to meet at the house of John Lucas, an old Rebel, who kept an inn in the town, where they would talk over matters, and see what should be done. About an hour after dark on the evening in question, the men began to assemble, and Adam Weeks was among the first to come. He was a tall, lank, dark-featured, ill-favored man, but his tongue was so smooth and glib that he had been able to overcome all the prejudices which his appearance had at first excited.

"Well, Captain," he said, in an easy, off-hand manner, "have ye thought of any way yet to get around that British sloop-o'-war?"

"I think I've got a plan," replied Paulin.

"I hope so," pursued Weeks, "for it's too bad that we should be shut up in here now. By thunder, I'm anxious to be afoul of some o' them store-ships. We must get out some way, if it costs blood."

This was all very well in its way, but it was slightly overdone. The zeal was rather forced, and the man could not look his commander in the eye when he spoke.

"I would rather get out without losing any of our blood," said the captain.

"Certainly," added Weeks. "But still, I'd shed my blood freely, if thereby we could get to the wind'ard of that Englishman."

Captain Paulin had read his man pretty thoroughly, and he had no doubt now of the fellow's rascality. He knew very well that it was not the nature of the chap to offer his blood so readily, and he saw that this was all bravado, put on as a mask.

At eight o'clock the men were all assembled, and the landlord promised to keep guard. The captain called them to order, and then spoke as follows:—

"Well, my men, we're in a tight place, but I think *we* can get out of it, though we may have to leave our vessel in limbo awhile longer. There's no doubt but that the Englishman will lay off and on here just as long as we remain in this section, but we'll outwit him in a way he little expects. You may have heard, some of you, that our friends in Portsmouth have been fitting up a brig."

"Yes," said Burgess, who had heard nothing of the kind; "I knew it some time ago; and she's a smart craft, too."

"Just so," resumed the captain. "And now you shall hear how fortune has favored us. The Portsmouth brig—they call her the 'Winthrop'—is all ready for sea, but she can't have a crew under three weeks. One of her owners was down to see me two days ago, and he was anxious that we should take her and go to sea in her. I've talked the matter over with my officers, and had some farther conference with the Portsmouth folks, and we have made the following arrangement, which will work to a charm: We are to take the Winthrop, and when the other crew is ready, they will come and take our brig."

"But how'll ye do that?" asked Weeks.

"I'll tell you," returned Paulin. "I've kept this matter to myself, because I didn't want it to leak out; but it's time to tell you of it now. To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, the Winthrop will lay-to off the extreme northern point of Salisbury beach. She will run out from Portsmouth about ten, so as to be sure and be on hand by midnight. We will all march over there after dark, with our clothes-bags on our shoulders, and be ready to board her as soon as she comes."

"We shall find all the arms and ammunition aboard of her," suggested Gardiner.

"Everything," said the captain. "All we want to take with us is our clothing. We shall take her just as she stands, and in a couple of weeks her crew will take our vessel. So, ye see, we'll not only outwit this Englishman, but we'll help our friends in Portsmouth at the same time."

"To-morrow night," remarked Weeks.

"Yes—and you must all be on board. We shall meet on board our brig, and leave there about half past nine. Then we'll go up the river to old Kent's, and he'll put us across in his gondola, and from there we can easily walk in an hour and a half."

This plan was approved by the men, Adam Weeks expressing himself as being particularly delighted with it, and as soon as the meeting was over, Stephen Burgess hurried off to his sister's house, and engaged her to watch the spy, after which he and Burgess went over to Plumb Island, and saw an old fisherman who lived there, and who was a Patriot of the most palpable order. With him they made such arrangements as they thought necessary, and then returned to the town. It was past midnight when they reached the brig, but the old gunner kept on up to his sister's, whom he found up, and who informed him that Adam Weeks was, at that very moment, with the Tory Belknap, having come there about an hour before.

On the following morning Harvey Lang, the old Plumb Island fisherman, came over and visited the brig. He told the captain that he had kept a careful watch through the night, and that, at about two o'clock, three men had gone off to the sloop-of-war, one of whom he was sure was old Belknap. When he had made this report he started for the island again, where he had one more duty to perform.

As soon as the shades of night had gathered over the town the men began to gather on board the brig, and by half-past eight o'clock the crew were all present. Stephen Burgess was then sent on shore, and the captain and the old gunner took their stations near the gangway, to see that no one left the vessel. Half-past nine came, and Adam Weeks wished to know if it was not about time to start.

"Not quite yet," returned Capt. Paulin. "I have sent Mr. Burgess to see when the coast is clear, and upon his report we will move."

"But we might be getting our bags up," suggested Weeks.

"Wait till the mate comes. There will be time enough." And with this the captain turned and spoke to his gunner.

Ten o'clock came, and Adam Weeks began to show signs of uneasiness. At half-past ten Stephen Burgess came.

"What's the news?" asked Paulin, as his mate came over the side.

"The fisherman has hoisted his light," answered Burgess.

"Then the coast is clear?"

"Of course."

The boatswain was ordered to call all hands aft, and the captain addressed them as follows:—

"Now, my men, we'll soon be on the move. I discovered, yesterday morning, how that sloop-o'-war happened to drop down from Boston just as she did. I found that news had been sent to the enemy of our intended movements, and that a Tory spy had done it; and I also found that that Tory spy was one of our own crew. As soon as I know this I felt sure that any new movement we might project would be at once communicated to the commander of the British sloop-o'-war; so I fixed up the plan which I proposed to you last night; and I was not disappointed. Intelligence of that plan was conveyed to the English commander before daylight this morning, as I learned from a trusty friend whom I had placed upon the watch; and that same friend promised to keep a look-out upon the sloop, and give us a signal if she left the offing. That signal has been given, and the sloop-o'-war has run down the coast to take possession of the brig which she fully believes we shall board at that point. So now, while our enemy is upon her fool's errand, we'll make all haste, and run our gallant craft out to sea. Mr. Weeks, you needn't leave the brig, sir. We have use for you!"

"But," stammered the rascal, "I thought you were going another way, and I have left some of my duds on shore."

"Never mind. The master-at-arms has some *duds* which will answer every purpose. Mr. Burton, you may iron that man."

The officer thus addressed stepped quickly forward. Weeks offered some resistance, but he was speedily knocked down, and the irons placed upon his wrists and ankles. As soon as the men fully realized the spy's true character, they were for stringing him up at the yard-arm at once, but the captain reasoned with them, and soon managed to get the villain safely stowed away below, after which he set his crew at work with a will. The brig was cast clear from the wharf, and sail made, and before midnight she was standing out by Plumb Island. The sloop-of-war was out of sight, waiting patiently for *that other* brig to make her appearance.

The Sally Lee did good service during that cruise, one of her prizes being a British store-ship of great value. The Tory spy was tried, and sentenced to be hanged; but a humane sentiment prevailed, and he was finally sent off on exchange with a lot of English prisoners.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For Back Numbers of the "Ledger" we charge *four* cents a copy. "The Storm Secret" runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold Beater," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davis," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Percival," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugees," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karmel, the Scout," twelve numbers, price 48 cents; "The Abducted Heiress," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Bion, the Wanderer, seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named stories on the receipt of the sum stated; or we will mail *all* the numbers of the Ledger from June 7th, 1856, up to and including the number of March 13th, 1858—being ninety-three numbers in all, and containing *all* of these stories complete, on the receipt of $3. This is certainly cheap reading—eighteen stories complete, besides the immense variety of other matter contained in the Ledger during that period, for $3.

W. L. B. says that the arithmetical problem—

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed,
As three times three does three.
But when ten years and half ten years
We man and wife had been,
Her age did come as near to mine
As eight is to sixteen—

which we published in the Ledger of April 17th, is an absurdity and an impossibility, as the difference between the ages of two persons must always remain the same, unless one grows old slower or faster than the other, which is impossible; and he wants us either to prove the problem to be a sensible and true one, or else to acknowledge ourselves to have been humbugged. We will accommodate W. L. B. According to the problem, when this pair were wedded, the husband was three times as old as his wife, and when they had been married fifteen years, he was only twice as old as she. We will suppose that when they were married, the groom was forty-five and the bride fifteen years of age; this would make the former three times as old as the latter. After they had been married fifteen years, the husband would of course be sixty, and the bride thirty years old, and then the former would be only twice the age of the latter. Is not this plain, W. L. B.? A very small amount of arithmetical knowledge and ciphering will enable you to work the matter out for yourself. In one sense you are right, when you say that the *difference* between the ages of two persons must always remain the same. That is so. The *difference* between the ages of this pair was thirty years at the outset, and it was thirty years at the end, but the *arithmetical ratio* of their ages must vary every year. The husband could not continue to be *three times as old* as his wife, unless for every year added to *her age*, *three* years were added to *his*.

Amelia has no sister; a young gentleman has constantly visited her house for two years, and shown her every attention and kindness, and treated her to places of public amusement, but never speaks of love. Now, how can Amelia draw him out and discover his intentions? She must be sulky or saucy. This will make him tender. It is like beating a steak before you cook it. Love should always have its quarrels. They bring to a conference, and a closer understanding and intimacy; like bankruptcies with certain merchants, they better their circumstances by clearing off old scores, and beginning new ones.

Two Young Ladies are teased with beaux who never pop the question, nor even talk of love. Have a row with them. Such gallants should be brought to reason. They ought to know that love is a matter of business with woman, and that her affections must not be played with. Every man who regularly visits and escorts a woman ought to be regarded as her suitor, for the tendency of the sexes is to pair, and they pair by companionship.

A Bachelor.—Women have a much nicer sense of the beautiful than men. They are by far the safer umpires in the matter of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

A Lover in Misery.—Albert is engaged to a lady who is so *glad* when she meets any gentleman of her acquaintance, and is always more cheerful with any of her friends than with her lover! A common complaint. But after all, she loves Albert better than any. The friendship of acquaintanceship is a more loose powder, whereas that of lovers is a well packed cartridge. It is wrong in Miss to do so; she is spinning a thread of sorrow for herself, but Nature is jealous of the romantic passion, and accepts various means to curtail its existence, and break the spell. Another lady would play the same tune with variations. All married people are glad to see their friends, and make a little fuss with them.

Brooklyn Girl.—"Do you think there is any chance of a plain young lady without fortune, in her 23d year, obtaining a husband? She is considered a very pleasant companion, but begins to despair of having a lover." Despair at 23! The ladies are always despairing. They despair at 17. It is an anxious time of life, however, we must confess, perhaps the most unhappy of all, though youth and vigor are both in its favor.

Rufus.—The bully of your school should be put down, and his tyranny and cruelty to the younger scholars prevented. He is undoubtedly a craven at heart, as all bullies are cowards.

G. G.—East winds must be injurious to sensitive constitutions, otherwise they would not have had a bad name. Delicate people are the best judges. The cause may be seen by looking at a globe.

Fireman.—Your company should overhaul your delinquent treasurer's accounts and get at the facts of the case as soon as possible.

Enquirer.—No. The gentleman should write to you first. Men are sometimes very ungenerous in their interpretation of the pure, and friendly, and affectionate manifestations of young ladies.

Mayor.—There is something suspicious in a wooer objecting to the dowry of his bride elect being settled upon herself. We think every right-minded man would prefer it as a resource for his wife to fall back upon in case of his demise. One of the greatest horrors of matrimony in female breasts is the possibility of being bereft and left desolate, and every generous man ought to fear for them as much as they do for themselves. There are many reckless spendthrifts and sanguine speculators in the world, who would spend a wife's little fortune upon some frantic scheme, and then sink down into domestic poverty, wrangling and misery. How many pretty young girls, in these unprincipled times, are converted in a few months into miserable wives; the smile forever banished from their lips, the cheerful laugh silenced forever, with a long vista of brooding care and domestic strife in perspective before them, all because they have suffered themselves to be deceived by that external show which the ball-room puts on, and the parlor throws off!

Abigail wants to know how to make a gentleman something more than polite. Abigail is not content with politeness; it seems to be too cold for her heart. She does not like to be *madam'd* but *darling dearest*. This *making* is an art and mystery which we are not master of. We only advise Abigail not to try too much to please where the response is not cordial, for there is great danger in overdoing the amiable. It is with love as with roast beef. There is hope in the underdone, but the overdone is utterly lost. And therefore the love that we feel for the melancholy or thoughtful maid, when once it is excited, is far more enduring than that which we feel for the smirk, which goes off like loose powder. Besides, different tempers are differently affected by manners.

Rocton puts the following question: "Should I meet a young lady, whom I wished to wait upon home, after church, with another young lady whom I do not know, how should I manage? Should I seek to accompany the young lady whom I know home alone, or ask both of them?" You should speak to your friend and give her a chance to introduce you to her companion, and after she had done so, you could with propriety offer your services as their escort home. But if she should not introduce you to her companion, you should take your leave of her after passing the usual compliments of such a chance meeting.

Sybil.—Unless you are willing to make the first overture of reconciliation, we do not see how an amicable adjustment of the difficulty can be brought about. You cannot reasonably expect that your mother will come to you and make an apology, and ask your forgiveness. That would be against the order and course of nature. Even if you do believe yourself to be in the right, and your parents in the wrong, in after years it would be a pleasant memory that you had soared above all petty feeling, and frankly done your duty in the matter, and thereby brought peace and happiness once more into your distracted family.

Leroy Street.—This correspondent says he loves a young lady "who is sought by three other young men." She has given her miniature to every one of them, but he don't know which she likes best. He thinks that one beau at a time is quite enough for any young lady, and he would like to put a stop to the visits to her of his three rivals, and he asks, "What shall I do?" Why, tell the young lady you love her and ask her to marry you. If she assents, marry her, and that will put an end to all rivalry. If she rejects you, that will put an end to your rivalry with the other three young gentlemen.

Joshua.—There will doubtless be grand opportunities for surveyors and engineers on the laying out of the route for the Pacific Railroad; but we can not tell when that will be commenced, nor how applicants could get appointed to good situations therein. We are not a politician, and have never asked for an office for ourself or for anybody else, and it is our intention never to solicit favors of any party or administration. We prefer to get a living in a manly and honorable manner, and hope our friends will all follow our example in this respect.

A. L. B.—The tendency of the age is undoubtedly towards a higher degree of civilization, but still it is not probable that war will ever be banished from the earth. Nor will it probably be banished from the world while any considerable portion of the inhabitants thereof remain uncivilized and uncivilized. Lust of power and greed for gain, even among civilized and enlightened people, are strong enough to engender personal quarrels and national wars, and until men love justice and goodness more than riches and honors, the spirit of war and destruction will go unchained.

S. T.—"Let him be whom he may," is right enough; him is objective, and whom must be so also. It is in perfect accordance with the rule. *But* is a conjunction according to lexicographers, and therefore does not govern. However, the public seem to make a preposition of it at times. "There was not a single individual but *me* in the house" is what any well educated person would say. This makes "but" a preposition. Were it a conjunction, we should say, "There was not a single individual but I," which we scarcely ever hear except from a pedant.

Devoted.—It is a great bore for a naturally impatient man to have to wait for a lady to dress before going to a concert, or anywhere else, especially when she is a little late. But you must learn to bear such things with an unruffled temper. If you cannot put up with them in your sweetheart, how will you endure them in your wife? Remember the old couplet about the figure of Patience, namely—

A husband sitting on an ottoman,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on.

Alice.—Love is not a sentiment, but a passion. Sentiments are seldom so heavy that people sink under them. It is a sad thing, this love; it makes young people more miserable than the old ones. Love is strongest when it cannot be enjoyed, and weakest when it might be. What a strange perversity! But does not Providence teach us by this that what poets and young ladies call love is not the source of true happiness?

Etiquette.—It makes no difference which arm you give a lady when walking with her. The lady generally has the inside of the walk, but even this is no longer considered a matter of any consequence. Some say a lady should take a gentleman's left arm in order to leave his right free to protect her. This would be a good rule in an uncivilized community.

May-Day.—Your lover may be sincerely attached to you, and he may make a good and loving husband; but we should distrust a man who "cannot quit visiting and flirting with all the pretty girls he knows," even to oblige his affianced sweetheart. Such conduct indicates a very selfish disposition, and the heart of the man who is guilty of it cannot be

Baltimore says he takes exception to our opinion that under no circumstances would it be right for a man to send or accept a challenge to fight a duel, and puts the following case: A man in California last summer spit down another man's throat, and the insulted person shot the insulter dead on the spot. Would it not have been right for him to have challenged the insulter, and fought a duel with him? We answer no. It would have been more unjustifiable to have challenged the ruffian. In that case he would have stood an equal chance with the man whom he had insulted, and might have killed, after having thus outraged him. Further; when a man is blinded and crazed with ungovernable fury at some gross insult, a retaliatory act committed *then* is less reprehensible than a coolly planned revenge. But setting aside all these considerations and this *adjusting* of anger and revenge, we answer that we believe all quarreling and fighting to be wrong, and we do not think that any man has a right to do a wrong. "Baltimore" asks what we would do if anybody should grossly insult us. We cannot say; but we hope we should be able to maintain our self-possession to a sufficient degree to enable us to behave in a becoming manner.

Sandbury is twenty years old, and ardently loves a girl of the same age; but he is poor, and wants to get an education and lay the foundation of a fortune before marrying. Under these circumstances, he wishes to know if it would be better for him to state the case frankly to the young lady, and ask her to wait until his education and fortune are secured and take the risk of his always being poor, in which case his would never marry, or say nothing about it and run the risk of her marrying somebody else? We think it would be asking altogether too much of the girl to request her to bind herself to you, and then wait till you had secured an education and fortune and take the risk of your never marrying her at all. She would be unwise to enter into any such arrangement, and you would be exceedingly selfish to wish her to do so.

R.—The difference between a lady and a pert, vulgar girl in treating an unwelcome lover is, that the lady rejects him with kind words and gentle manners, and the *saucy* sends him off with a pout and a frown, and a consequential, contemptuous bearing of her important personage. It is for want of talent and address that the vulgar woman acts thus. It requires considerable composure of mind to act the part of a lady. There are very few ladies in the world, even amongst the rich. The language of young women, in speaking of absent friends or acquaintances of both sexes, shows frequently great seat severity and cruelty of feeling. Woman goes to extremes of kindness and rudeness. The lady always prefers the former, and, for the sake of her own good name, represses all tendency and resists all temptation to the latter.

A Boy of Fifteen has to work for the support of his widowed mother and little brother. He gets $250 a year, which is not enough for the family to live on comfortably, although they are very economical, and the mother also earns something. He wants to get some kind of work which he can do evenings, so as to increase the income, and would like to know how he can obtain such employment. We regret that we can not tell him how. He is a good boy and deserves success. Perhaps it is better he should not work evenings. His ambition might prove too much for his health, and break down his constitution. Let him spend his evenings in studying useful branches of education, so as to fit himself for securing more lucrative employment as he advances in years.

George Washington.—It is not at all likely that at this late day the claims of your grandfather upon the United States Government could be substantiated, or that they would be allowed. The proofs have probably disappeared and faded away. You might have much trouble even to prove to the satisfaction of the distrustful government officials that you are your grandfather's grandson. We mention these points simply to suggest the difficulties you would have to overcome in trying to prove and recover the claims. Better let them go, and devote the time you would spend upon them to the acquisition of a fortune in some regular channel of business.

S. C. says that a lady was asked her age by a friend, not long since, and to his confusion and dismay, answered in the following puzzling manner:

"My age, if multiplied by *three*,
And *two-sevenths* of the product *tripled* be,
The *square root* of *two-ninths* of that is *four*;
Now tell me my age, or never see me more."

This reply, S. C. says, not only proved too much for the asker of the lady's age, but for every body present, and he would like to know what her age really is. It is not very difficult to solve this problem, and no doubt many a boy-reader of the Ledger will do it in ten minutes after reading it.

Timothy.—Your teacher was in the right. Even if you were not guilty of the offence first charged upon you, you offended in acting so rebelliously when questioned in regard to the subject. If a teacher had not a right to *investigate* charges against his pupils, there would at once be an end to his authority and his usefulness. Boys always have been and probably always will be hotheaded and unreasonable in regard to such matters, although they know well enough that hot heads are very liable to get broken.

Zaria.—We have lost track of "the red petticoat," entirely. It seems to have disappeared from the eyes and the thoughts of men and women. We think the red petticoat will have to be set down as a failure. As to your other question, whether or not the committing of good poetry to memory would be a useful exercise, we answer that it would, and so also would be the committing to memory of good prose.

Richard Roe.—You should not have made a positive promise, the fulfillment of which depended on an uncertain contingency. You ought to have told your friend on what your promise was based, and then if he chose to let you have the money, there would have been no trouble on your failure to pay. Your mistake is a common one; and we do not blame anybody who has been thus deceived for feeling exasperated. We think your friend did not act unfairly.

X. Y. Z.—It is generally understood that the occurrences in a jury-room—the opinions, arguments, discussions and wranglings of the jurors—are to be kept secret and confidential; but in ordinary cases, a juror should not be severely censured for speaking of what took place while the jury were making up their verdict. Common sense should govern in such matters, as in all others.

Rochester.—If it can be proved that the young lady's jaw was broken by a stone thrown by the person you refer to, and that he threw it maliciously and with intent to injure the young lady, we think that almost any jury would award to her very large damages. Before commencing the suit, however, you should be certain as to your proof.

Ruralist.—It is impossible to say what chance there would be for you to secure a situation in a book-printing office in this city. As a general rule, a good workman and an industrious, sober, well behaved man can get permanent employment in this city, at fair wages, but no one is certain of getting a situation in any line of business.

Seek.—We possess no positive practical knowledge about the present state of East Indian affairs and society; but judging from current reports, we should say that the British East India Company's possessions do not just now offer very favorable inducements for the advancement of a young man's fortune.

J.—It is easier to stand on horseback when riding in a circle, than in a straight line. The circular motion tends to prevent the fall as the body is kept leaning inward to the center of the circle, to resist the centrifugal force which would otherwise throw it off, and every new step changes and corrects the tendency of the fall.

Brookville wants to know why, in speaking of the mumps or measles, a person says "I have had *them*" instead of "I have had *it*," as a person who has had the mumps or measles has had but *one* disease. The reason is because "measles" is a plural noun, and "mumps" is also plural, requiring their pronouns to agree with them in number.

Cecilia.—It is not necessary to be engaged to a gentleman to entitle you to accept a present from him. If you do not choose to accept it, you must have your own reason. If we gave you one, it might be a false one, but we have none to give. If the gentleman be a friend, and received as a friend, accept—there is nothing binding in a present.

Landlord.—If the Sheriff neglects to issue the dispossessing warrant you can have him brought up on attachment for neglect of duty, and if you can prove that he has colluded with your tenant you can have him punished. The court does not permit such knavery on the part of its officers.

Forest.—In calling upon a lady at a hotel, go to the office and send up your name to her. Then, if she wishes to see you, she can give orders to have you shown to her rooms, or the parlor; or if she does not wish to see you she can send word to that effect.

Watkinsville.—The best way to recommend yourself to and obtain possession of the esteem and affections of a certain "lovely and amiable and truly estimable young lady," would be to act as amiably and fascinatingly towards her as possible.

G. L.—Your cruel treatment of the horse, and his death the same day, will go hard against you. You had better pay the claim and settle the matter. It will teach you better than to treat a dumb brute with such brutality. As for the lady, apologize to her.

H. Z.—You should keep your engagement, if the lady did not know all the facts. If she knew you to be a minor, and therefore under the control of your parents, she should not have made any contract with you before ascertaining that it would be sanctioned by them.

Edward.—A man should always keep his word, and stick to his bargains. This rule or principle will apply to the case you mention.

Yankee East.—We know nothing about the establishment concerning which you inquire.

, *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*